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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 20, 1943
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXV No. 2287 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC NOV. 20 1943

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My Goodness—where's My GUINNESS?

G.E.1134

Volume CLXXV No. 2287 The SPHERE, London, November 20, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE "NORMANDIE" AFLOAT ONCE AGAIN : THE GREAT LINER (NOW RENAMED THE U.S.S. "LAFAYETTE"), ONCE MORE ON AN EVEN KEEL after being raised in New York, is towed to an American dry-dock for refitting as a naval transport

The great luxury liner of peace days capsized at her berth in the Hudson River in February 1942. Since that time American salvage experts have been busy on the task of salving the great 83,000-ton vessel. Little by little the ship was brought up from the river-bed, until she reached an even keel. It was then decided to tow her to a dry-dock, where the extensive internal damage she suffered (as a result of the fire which broke out aboard) could be repaired and the vessel refitted for the purpose of a naval transport. The *Normandie* was built in 1933 : she is in the same giant class as the British liners *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*. It has been estimated that the cost of salvage will be about £1,000,000, and that the cost of rebuilding her in dry-dock will be another £5,000,000. Great as these figures are, they are, nevertheless, far short of what it would cost to build a vessel of similar size and capacity

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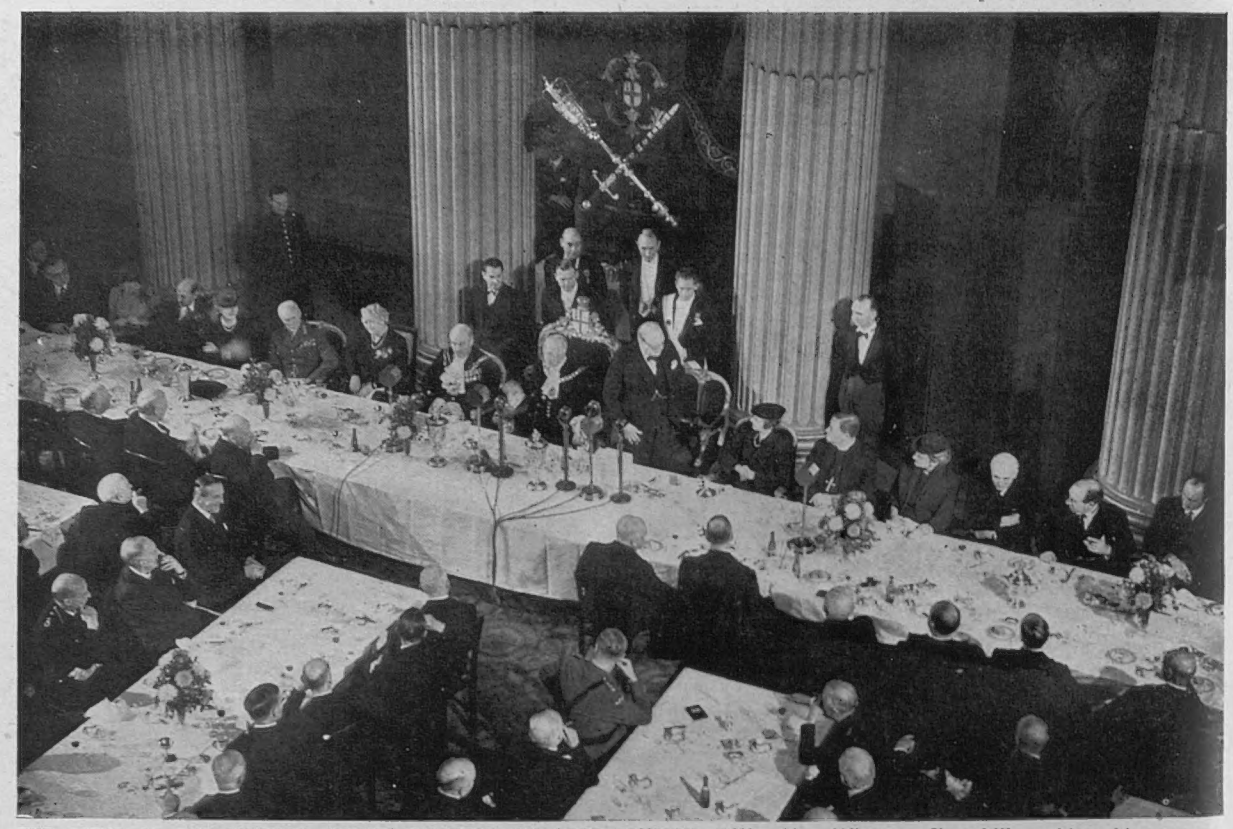
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 220

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

A Warning to Wishful Thinkers.—Hitler kept his date at the Beer Cellar on November 8, despite the danger of Allied bombs and despite a certain austerity in the banquet of good news and promises. He not only kept his date. He kept his head. Let us acknowledge it, and let wishful thinkers face this unpleasant fact. Boring and rambling he may have been—he was always that—but he was neither hysterical nor hesitant. He showed no sign of having lost confidence *in himself*. Before Germany is done, Hitler must be done. And the time is not yet. (He may be bluffing? So were we—in 1940!) Here is, I think, a lesson which elements of the Allied democracies should take to heart. Crushing as are the blows now falling on Hitler's fronts, fearful as are his losses, the man who plunged the world into this agony is bloody, but unbowed, and still a power in Germany and in Europe. For the last six months we have been fed on statistics of bomb damage and decimation, on intrigues within the Nazi party, on tales of defeatism in Germany and revolt among the satellites; we are being persuaded by well-wishers that the end is in sight. As a result, we are thinking again in terms of our own backyards, and strikes and party stratagems and a general loosening of tension are the fashion. Of all these causes for optimism featured daily in the Press and on the air and in the speeches of leaders, the most puzzling, and, to my mind, the most dangerous, are the statistics of bomb damage. Whom do these coloured figures benefit? The Germans know the truth. They receive it. Europe has a better chance of estimating the effect of our bombing than we have in Britain. I am left with the conclusion that this propaganda, ostensibly designed for Germans and neutrals, is really nothing more than a quite unnecessary *self-justification* for the policy of Bomber Commands. And its results are very dangerous, for it gives us a sense of optimism which the wider conditions do not justify.

Cabinet Changes.—The star performer of the War Government (under the sun) would be by common, or majority, consent Lord Woolton. The kitchen front will shed many tears over his promotion. For promotion it is. A Ministry of Reconstruction has been long demanded by public clamour, and the Premier has bowed to the public verdict. (How many Ministries are there to-day in excess of the establishment of, say, 1913?) Lord Woolton has proved "faithful" (efficient, tactful, human, approachable, far-sighted) in a whale of a "little" job. If any Minister can, he will prove "faithful also in much." And it 's a job for a superman indeed, this new Ministry which he is to create. He will have Sir William Jowitt to help him. Mr. Willink (another K.C.) becomes Minister of Health. Mr. Duff Cooper resigns for a diplomatic post abroad, and Mr. Brown drops down into his Duchy—financially, at least. It occurs to me to wonder how many Ministries henceforth (if Lord Woolton is to do his job properly) will become, or should become, satellites of the new Ministry, lesser stars revolving round the new Woolton sun. The whole bag of tricks, I should say, unless (which is questionable) we exclude the fighting Ministries. Well, more power to Lord Woolton. He has delivered the bread. Now for the circuses.

You Stole My Thunder.—Mr. Churchill has a nasty habit of stealing my thunder. I must not complain. It may be argued that the Premier makes better use of the available thunder than I (or any man)! And it is universally acknowledged that the thunder is strictly rationed in every phase of the electric storm. What Mr. Churchill said at the Mansion House was all there is to say, all that every sane man wants said; and (as usual) he said it very well. *Imprimis*, that it is no time to throw your hat in the air and start redecorating your war-worn house and replanting tulips in your cabbage-patch. Hitler and 400 divisions await liquidation. A full locker of nasty new shots is the prime item in his active stock-in-trade. They are mostly labelled "for Britain"—the most hated of all the Allies. The Russians are most feared, the Americans most resented (for butting in), the British most hated in Germany. Do we not provide bases for the American bombers and do a little bombing ourselves; and did we not, in 1940, by expelling from the O.E.D. the word *impossible*, shatter the Führer's dream of world conquest and easy conquest? Gott strafe England! With these still unliquidated obstacles to peace and security, etc., austerity and discipline and even harder work are the portion of all the Allies. It is sheer folly, as it is sheer treachery, to play party politics, to strike for higher pay, to speak any word (though that word might be justified in normal times) which may affect the good relations of the Allies or weaken precautions against counter-assault. What 's to come is still unsure. Only two things are sure. Sorrow in a million homes and victory at the end of supreme tragedy.



THE SCENE AT THE MANSION HOUSE LUNCHEON ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY: Mr. Winston Churchill making his speech. From left to right in this picture, the following public personalities are seen at the top table—Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee Deputy Prime Minister, Mrs. Winston Churchill, Field-Marshal Smuts, Lady Newson Smith (Lady Mayoress), Sir Samuel Joseph (late Lord Mayor), Sir Frank Newson Smith (new Lord Mayor), Mr. Winston Churchill, Lady Joseph, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mrs. Maurice Salmon, Viscount Simon, Sir John Anderson and Lord Rothermere

Logic or Loss of Memory?—I confess that I rubbed my eyes when I read General de Gaulle's trenchant pronouncement on one decision of the Moscow Conference. The right of France (at the moment of writing) to take her place beside Britain, America and Russia at the primary and plenary sessions of a Great Power Conference charged with examining the questions of resettling Europe is not as clear to me as perhaps it should be. The French nation has suffered bitterly during this war; a great part of it has suffered and fought with such weapons as remained to it nobly and bravely. Our hearts go out to these Frenchmen. We cannot appreciate the extent of their sufferings. Political apathy and a too easy longing for peace, in the years between, exacted a terrible retribution from the French. It might have exacted a retribution no less terrible from ourselves and the Americans. We were tarred with the same brush. *But* we were spared betrayal by "men of Vichy"; at the eleventh hour we saved ourselves (and France) by our exertions. Above all, in war, the logic of facts is a voice heard above all other voices raised in justifications, theorising or agreement of any kind. The facts speak. "We fought at Arques (brave Crillon), and you were not there. We redeemed the shame of our political apathy. You surrendered to Vichy." It is a matter of timing. It is a question of aptness and fitness. No thinking Englishman or American could contemplate ultimately a Europe in which France was denied her leading rank as a Great Power and arbiter of civilisation and culture. Europe without a strong, free France is unthinkable. But this great truth would come better (at the right time) from the Big Three of the Western end, all of whom have earned their places in the triumvirate. As for the Italians, clever they may be. But this is no time for drawing-room cleverness. An aptitude for bouts-rimés does not fit the hour. I, for one, should like to hear of other qualities in the Italians besides an aptitude for domestic political intrigue, a power to hate from arm-chairs, to flatter the strong and to give lip-service in lieu of military service.

"Citrine Says . . ."—There is no more dangerous utterance than one which contains half a truth. That is why slogans are so deplorable as political weapons. Sir Walter Citrine's recent pronouncement on the futility of much of the fire-watching regulations and on the needless mortgaging to redundant drills of the little leisure of overworked Home Guards, contained a germ of truth which made the utterance by a man in some position of authority the more reprehensible. It afforded a splendid weapon to the war-worn, the grouser, the half-hearted. It utterly disregarded the consequences of such an utterance and the strength of the enemy and his imponderable potentiality for evil. It was a knock-out blow for all who are charged with the task of keeping alive and sweet and keen the spirit of the defence forces and services. The half-truth is patent. Already his utterance has borne fruit in the fire-watching service. In the Home Guard, there are, naturally, a few nigger-drivers and Hi-de-hi's. Some think the Home Guard is unwarrantably driven and paper-stormed from Whitehall. By and large, this great army of volunteers is guarded from the full weight of the letter, and gently nurtured in the spirit, of the movement by local commanders of courage, tact and imagination who know their own men and the conditions under which they work and serve. It has always been difficult; always it needed courage and supreme tact. Citrine has not made the job easier. In his case, it was worse than a blunder. It was a crime.

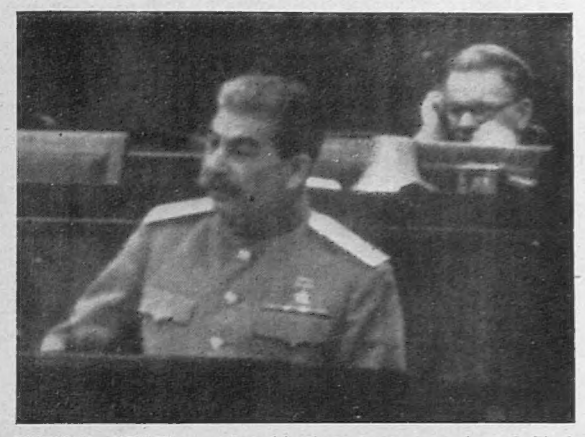
"Cave Canem."—It is one of my jobs to keep a section of the Home Guard keen and on their toes. It is not always easy. It needs imagination and tact, and success is solely due to the patience and good heart and spirit of the men themselves. It can safely be said that no volunteer army was ever ordered and counter-ordered as this army was in the early years, and no such army of any other country in the world would have stood it and remained keen. It is for these reasons that I condemn the loose utterances of heady talkers who pooh-pooh the need for further precaution against German aggression on this island. The latest batch of my correspondents who tip me Hitler's "secret weapons" favour the descent of para-troop suicide squads in the neighbourhood of large towns and key-points—and these prophets may be as right as any others. Those who encourage easy complacency have in my opinion one excuse—the overweening confidence expressed in public speeches and private conversation by all the air experts I have come across that Germany has no longer the means to stage anything like effective mass-bombing raids on this country; and also their habit of deriding the trivial raids which the Nazis make to-day. These pundits are in a far better position than you or I to weigh the facts and to draw deductions. Whether they have *all* the facts or not, I cannot say. I *can* say that I see no point whatever in expressing overweening confidence in the total atrophy of the *Luftwaffe*, nor in deriding its present trivial reply to our air offensives. The evil results of such confident and constant boasts are seen in such pronouncements as Citrine's. The justification for boasting and over-confidence is presumably some propaganda device whose point escapes me. I see in it self-justification, but not justification.

THE OLD STAGER

THE LIBERATION OF KIEV; and Stalin's Anniversary Speech

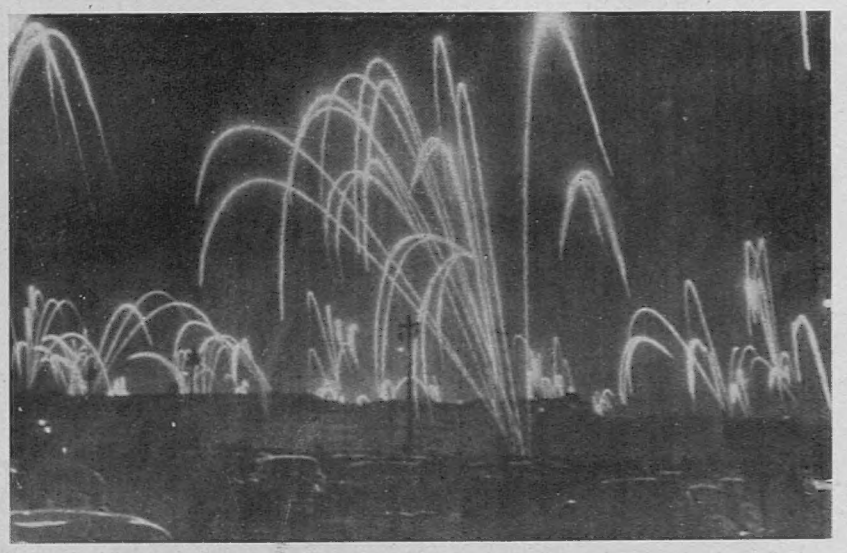
—Recent Radio Pictures Transmitted Direct from Moscow

LISTENING TO MARSHAL STALIN: On the occasion of the twenty-sixth anniversary of the founding of the U.S.S.R., Marshal Stalin made one of his rare broadcasts to the people of the Soviet Union, in which he stated that the German forces occupying Russian territory were on the verge of a catastrophe. The two pictures above were taken as the Marshal was speaking. That on the left shows: M. Gorkin (on right), Secretary of the Supreme Council of the U.S.S.R., and M. Shkiryatov, a member of the Council, with other Soviet officials. The picture on the right shows (from left to right): M. Khruschev, Ukraine Minister; M. Malenkoff, Minister of Defence; M. Mikoyan, Minister for Foreign Trade; M. Molotov, Foreign Secretary and M. Berya, Home Secretary



MARSHAL STALIN making his broadcast speech. Behind him is M. Kalinin, President of the U.S.S.R. The Marshal is wearing his official uniform, with epaulettes, for the first time in public

SOVIET DELEGATES LISTENING TO THE SPEECH: The two women are Mme. Pashennaya (on left), member of the Supreme Council and People's Artiste, and Mme. Nikolaeva, member of the Council of Trade Unions, who visited England a short time ago with the Soviet Trade Union Mission



HOW MOSCOW CELEBRATED THE LIBERATION OF KIEV: The great pyrotechnic display in honour of the Soviet forces which captured the Ukrainian capital on November 6

KIEV AS THE RUSSIANS ENTERED: Burning houses in the city set ablaze by the retreating Germans as they were forced out

THE FIRST SOVIET TANKS ENTER THE DESERTED CITY STREETS: Note the damaged buildings on the right of the picture

THE REMAINING INHABITANTS come out of their shelters and hiding-places to welcome soldiers of the Red Army in front of the Opera House (which appears to be in an undamaged condition)

WRECKAGE AT ZAPOROZHE, NEAR THE DNIEPER DAM, Europe's biggest power plant. Here the workers lived in comfortable new houses: the Germans wrecked these methodically, building after building

IN ORDER TO ESCAPE BEING DRIVEN TO GERMANY, many of Zaporozhe's inhabitants fled to the surrounding countryside. They are now returning to their plundered and demolished city, again in Russian hands

HOW THE FIFTH ARMY PUSHED ON TO THE RIVER GARIGLIANO. The rising smoke of battle as the Allies neared their main objective. On the west coast of Italy the advance towards Rome continues steadily and inexorably. After the capture of Mondragone and the important road junction of Sessa Arunca, the Fifth came up to the Garigliano River at the point where its course turns northwards. This picture was taken from an artillery Observation Post at Francolise, and shows the barrage laid down by Allied 25-pounders on enemy positions across the river, prior to establishing a bridgehead on the far side

THE LATEST PICTURES FROM ITALY

From the Battle-fronts of the Fifth and Eighth Armies, where Fighting All Along the Line has been Fierce and Continuous

THE BRITISH HOLD THE MOUNTAINS ABOVE THE FORMER GERMAN H.Q. These overlook the plains in which stands the town of Teano. To hold them meant stiff climbing and difficult "digging in," because of the rocky nature of the territory. Men of a British infantry regiment are here seen improving a "line" on the heights of Calvi-Risorta

BRITISH TROOPS OCCUPY TEANO, important road junction in West Italy. The men are in street-fighting formation, and are advancing over bricks and rubble of houses blown up by the Germans. This unit was the first to enter the town

THE EIGHTH ARMY BRIDGE THE GAPS blown up by the retreating Germans, and Italians assist in laying a new timber roadway. The Germans in their retreat northwards are carrying out intensive demolitions in an effort to delay Allied transport movements. The Royal Engineers are doing excellent work erecting bridges which allow one-way traffic only; but now, on main highways, they are also constructing timber bridges to accommodate two-way traffic. Since Italy has become a co-belligerent, many of her troops work beside our own men

THE LITTLE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF TERMOLI, on the east coast of Italy. This was taken after a sea-borne landing, and was for a time the scene of fierce fighting. It has now resumed its former quiet life since its capture by the Eighth Army. This view of the harbour was taken from the ancient watch-tower, one of the dominating features of the town

SAPPERS OF THE FIFTH ARMY make the way for troops and armour to cross the Teano Valley river for the capture of Sessa Arunca. A road of tree-trunks was laid through the ravine to the front-line positions

DUG-IN AMONGST THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS ABOVE TEANO: Private Parrick, of Clapton, London, secure in his "cubby-hole," reads the news under a very temporary roof

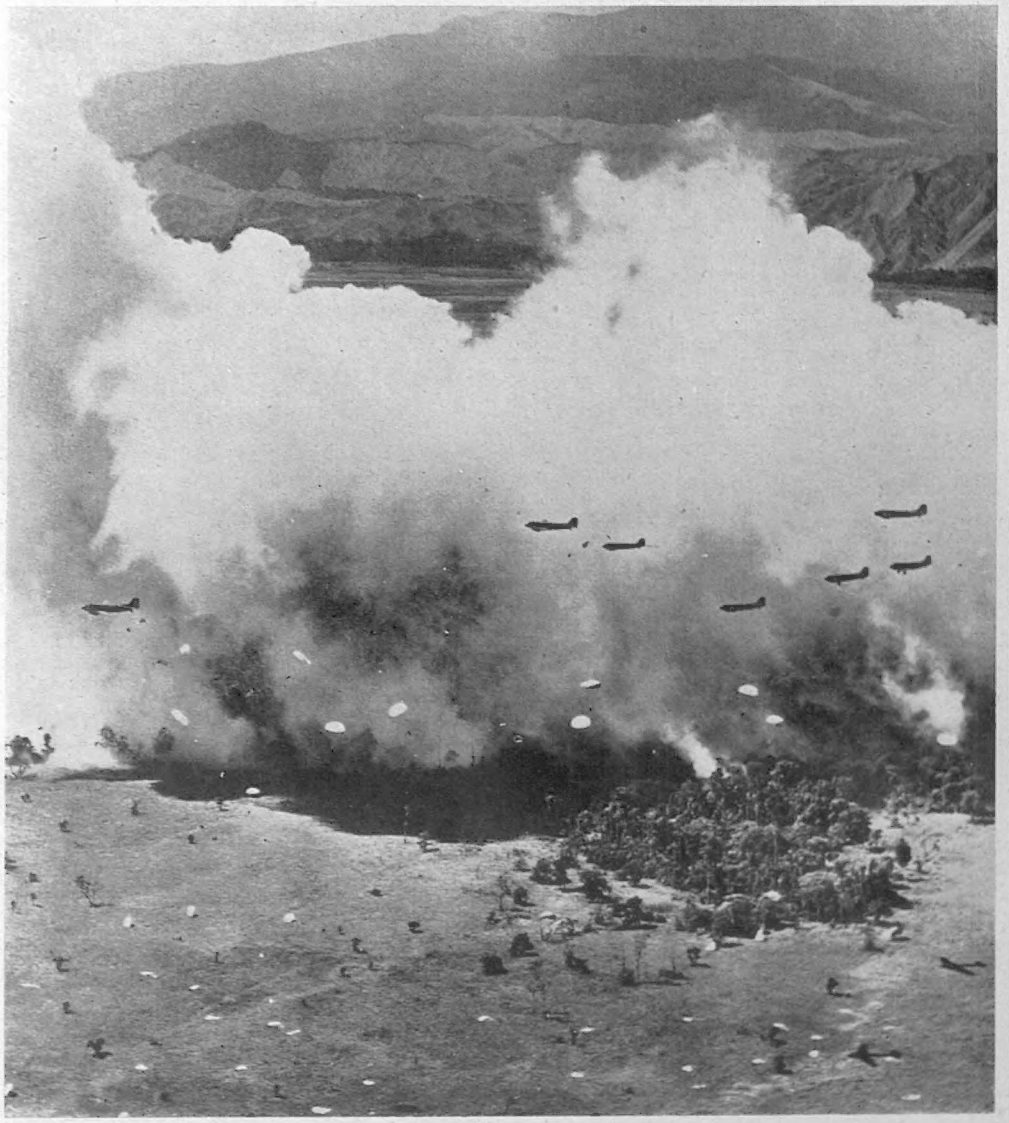
A SECTION OF THE MAIN RAILWAY LINE in the Teano Valley destroyed by the retreating enemy. This shows the latest German method of demolition

THE BULLDOZER AGAIN, helping in the Biferno River crossing: Hauling vehicles and guns across the fast-flowing river in support of the infantry which had gone on ahead for the attack on Colle d'Anchise

BRITISH TROOPS LEARN TO USE THE AMERICAN "BAZOOKA." This is an anti-tank rocket-gun: it is operated by two men, is fired rifle-fashion and has less "kick" than an ordinary rifle. An American non-commissioned officer is here explaining its method of loading

MASSED ONSLAUGHT by PARATROOPS

The most Dramatic Pictures yet Published of a Massed Parachute Descent by U.S. Troops—taken during the Capture of Lae in New Guinea on September 5



JUMPING FROM A LOWER ALTITUDE THAN EVER BEFORE : THE MARKHAM VALLEY ATTACK BY U.S. PARATROOPS. Below, and to the right of, the leading plane may be seen several parachutes in various stages of opening, swinging the men at extreme angles and very close to the ground—how close to the latter may well be gauged by comparison with the clump of trees in the right foreground of the picture

It has been rare during the progress of the present war that the opportunity has occurred to present to our readers such striking pictures as those reproduced on these pages. The one above, and the larger one on the right, were both taken from the air by an official photographer serving with the U.S. Army Air Forces in the South-West Pacific during recent operations in New Guinea.

During the concentrated attack on the Jap base at Lae on September 4 and 5, parachute operations were undertaken by the largest air fleet ever assembled in this area. Their job was to capture a landing-strip used by the enemy at the western approaches to Lae. How successfully this was accomplished may well be gauged from the accompanying dramatic pictures

Following on the Bostons, which laid down a dense smoke-screen, big transport planes showered down load upon load of paratroops. These men quickly captured the flat ground, and thus permitted other aircraft to land Australian infantry, to follow up the initial successes. The paratroops were dropped from a very low level indeed—the lowest ever attempted in a mass attack of this nature.

Flights of bombers, accompanied by a tremendous number of fighters, protected the landing of the paratroops; General MacArthur himself watched the scene from his own aircraft, which circled above the spot. After the men had been landed, guns were dropped on positions where they could go into action at once. It was not long afterwards that the capture of Lae was announced.

AFTER THE LANDING—THIS IS THE TYPE OF FIGHTING IN WHICH THE TROOPS HAD TO ENGAGE. The photographer, serving with a U.S. Navy Combat Unit, who took this picture writes as follows: "You 've wondered perhaps how you 'd react if you were called upon to charge toward jungle that might blaze rifle and machine-gun fire at any moment—as these U.S. troops are doing. You 'd grip your rifle in tense hands, one nervous finger on the trigger. Your lips would drop open, the better to hear. You'd hug the sand, crouch against a bank, crawl in the water. You might even forget to keep down and make a target of yourself. And so you'd go into the jungle to kill or capture the Japs—as these men did"

THE SCENE IN THE MARKHAM VALLEY, AT THE WESTERN protect the landing of the American paratroops : then came depicted here provided the first extensive use of paratroops in completely from the surrounding countryside by the dense when the picture was taken ; others have already landed Valley formed one jaw of a

APPROACHES TO THE JAP STRONGHOLD AT LAE, ON SEPTEMBER 5, 1943. Boston bombers had previously flown over the area and laid a heavy smoke-screen to the big transport planes, packed with soldiers who baled out from a lower altitude than ever before attempted in a mass attack of this kind. The action the Pacific battle zone. The picture shows the fullest panoramic detail, and illustrates the manner in which the area chosen for the landings was first cut off screen laid by the Bostons. The troop-carriers are flying so low that their shadows literally darken the earth. Many of the men were still dropping earthwards and their parachutes are collapsing or have collapsed; still others can actually be seen at the moment of impact on the ground. The landings in the Markham great pincers attack which culminated in the complete clearance of the Jap invaders from the northern shores of New Guinea

AND HOW WILL DOENITZ DO IT ?

This is the Manner in which the German Navy Surrendered the Last Time . . .

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WE are all legitimately interested, these particular days, in just how the Germans split and disintegrated a quarter of a century ago. It is more than an indulgence of memory. The throw-back is useful in that it helps us to investigate possibilities which cannot lie far ahead, in relationship with what actually came to pass in resembling German military and psychological circumstances of the past.

For example, I should be surprised if, this week-end, silver jubilee of the most arresting surrender in naval history, remembrance and anecdote in wardroom and Admiral's cabin do not evoke the thought: "I wonder how Doenitz and his lot will finally perform?" Whereupon there may well follow comparisons with that bygone navy of Scheer and Hipper, not so much talk of ships, perhaps, as of the states of mind of the men in the ships—then and now.

So, on this anniversary, it may be more acceptable that I write, not of the surrender procession itself into the Firth of Forth on November 21, 1918, but of some of the happenings which led up to that astonishing consummation.

The curtain really rose on the final act towards the end of October, when Admiral Beatty, in *Queen Elizabeth*, assembled his ship's company aft. "Men," he announced, in that abrupt, incisive way of his, "they 're coming out at last. I always said they would. No staleness! Do your jobs, each one of you!"

Some days later, the Commander-in-Chief repeated this summons and advice in so many words. Had there been slackness or unrest following rumours of German naval Bolshevism? At all events, as soon as he had word from Admiral Wemyss that all the naval clauses had been accepted and signed, Beatty called his flagship to attention for a third time.

THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET IN NOVEMBER 1918. Admiral Beatty acknowledging the cheers of the men of the Home Fleet after the German battleships had tamely surrendered in accordance with the 1918 Armistice terms

"Men," he shot out, "I 've always told you they 'd come out. But I didn't think they 'd come out on a piece of string!" And abruptly Beatty regained his cabin, features drawn in disappointment. After four years of waiting, desperately boring, often demoralising, an organised regatta was to be the end! Unbelievable!

What had been happening over in the mouth of the Elbe between October 26 and November 11? Admiral Scheer did try to get his crews out two weeks before the end, following Ludendorff's exit on October 26. But the seed of Bolshevism had by then sprouted lustily in the German Fleet. The war was manifestly lost into the bargain, and the men wanted safety for themselves, particularly the U-boat crews, and food for their starving women-folk and families in the hard-hit naval ports. The women in Kiel and Hamburg were in the van of the first disturbance, egging on their men to have done with the whole business.

But I wonder if Beatty was aware at the time of other egging which had been part responsible for cheating him of his final battle and for producing in its stead the sorry regatta? It was like this: during those final two weeks British Intelligence subtly let fall the news in German ports that Bolshevism had broken out *in the Grand Fleet*. "They mutinied," a German captain later explained through sobs, in Largo Bay, "because they heard your Grand Fleet was going in for Bolshevism, too!"

Twenty-four hours after the "piece-of-string" episode, Admiral von Meurer arrived in the *Koenigsberg* to arrange the carrying out of the Armistice terms, and at a conference in "Q.E." sought to enter excuses in broken English. But Beatty would have none of him. There had never been anything in naval annals akin to this lamb-like performance. Spaniards, French, Russians—all had come out in similar circumstances of certain doom and fought their ships at least up to a point. "We felt as if our profession were being compromised," one who was present put it.

At one stage, when von Meurer broke out: "Admiral, we verr driven to this. We verr coming out two weeks ago. The men refused. You must know that there is no child life left in Germany under five years of age. They are all dying!" the British Admiral testily threatened to terminate the proceedings the next time his visitor departed from the strict book of words. Whereupon the German, this time in order, through an interpreter, proceeded: "Well, we are anxious to get these ships over here at the earliest possible moment, and we want you to take full crews in them, not reduced personnel as stipulated. The Navy breeds the worst Bolshevists, and we haven't enough food for them if we take them back home. Keep them here!"

Beatty: "Tell the Admiral that we shall abide strictly by the Armistice term."

But Meurer had undertaken to put forward certain claims on behalf of his crews, and so he erred ahead by next producing a document in German capital letters, drawn up by the Kiel Naval Soviet of Workmen and Sailors. This read: "I, the undersigned, guarantee that all German crews, either of submarine or surface craft, proceeding to England for internment, will be immune from all ill-treatment." At the bottom a space had been left for Beatty to sign. Instead, that fiery character took the document, tore it in half, threw it on the floor, and rapped out: "Tell him they 're coming to England. That 's all there is to it!"

THE MAN WHO WAS SACKED. Admiral Raeder, replaced by Admiral Doenitz at the beginning of the present year

And that was how, days before it left Kiel and Cuxhaven on its last funereal voyage, Beatty took command by wireless of the High Sea Fleet. When he eventually ordered it out to the open sea, the mournful armada was strung over fully twenty miles. All told, 17,000 men, and many of the officers under lock and key while white-armleted sailors trod the decks.

On the eve of surrender off May Island, Operation Order ZZ was flashed to the Grand Fleet in the Firth of Forth, and this was followed by a message from Beatty saying that, in view of the inhuman manner in which the German sailors had conducted their war, there was to be no fraternisation of any kind. As for ZZ, it indicated the morrow's navigation programme, obviating all risk to the Grand Fleet.

"They could do a lot of harm if they chose," explained Captain Blue that night in his cabin in the *Texas*. "They could easily get one or two of ours before being dealt with. It 's just possible a submarine manned only by officers may put in a surprise appearance and get busy. Any division so attacked will scatter, the rest of the line continuing ahead." I shall not forget that *tête-à-tête*, listening to undreamt of stories of the naval war, and trying to be of value, in return, with strange tales of "Intelligence" in many latitudes.

Now let us have a look at Hitler's Navy in its fifty-second month of war.

It is much smaller than was the Kaiser's. As near as matters, it consists in the main of the *Tirpitz*, the "*S.* and *G.*," a couple of pocket battleships, the *Prinz Eugen*, one or two light cruisers of the Hipper class, the aircraft-carrier *Graf Zeppelin*, and a few dozen destroyers. But to this core must be added a whole flock of E-boats and "light naval forces," such as never before existed, and, of course, the U-boat fleet. Finally, ex-French and Italian remnants at Toulon, Spezzia and Pola, "featuring" the new battleship *Impero*, but more of a thorn by reason of seized submarines and light craft.

If a seasick Führer, a most unnautical figure compared with the late William, has built anything else substantial, we laymen have not been informed. But we do comprehend that the *Tirpitz* section near North Cape detains a Home Fleet that would welcome a change, and that units of the Stettin-Gdynia section are usually undergoing repairs as a result of air attack. The Führer's Fleet has no Jutland to look back upon, nor a Falkland Islands or Dogger Bank, not even a Hartlepool. Its proudest day, I think, was not so much the floating-fort last stand of the *Bismarck* as that saucy trip up-Channel and through the Straits, of the legendary "*S.* and *G.*"

HITLER RECEIVES HIS NEW U-BOAT COMMANDER. Admiral Doenitz succeeded Raeder as Commander of the German Navy and the U-boat Fleet, with a promise to his Führer that he would starve England out. He is now an acknowledged failure at this job

How Nazi is this Fleet? Hitler built it and chose its younger officers, and all ratings, from carefully cultured soil. Only senior officers, sub-lieutenants when Raeder was a captain, can have other than Nazi roots. That the attitude of naval officers can be decisive when it comes to a domestic showdown was demonstrated both in the case of the French and of the Italian Fleets—that the former was less ready to join the Allies than the latter being beside the point. The officers had a great deal to say in each case. Will it be likewise with German naval officers, and, if so, what will they try to put over when it comes to *their* domestic showdown?

Or will the German lower deck take completely over, as it did last time, when it spent the three-day crossing to Rosyth "drinking, cursing, spitting and singing, and seeing that none of us got near the seacocks," as a German officer was to relate?

Will the German Fleet join the Japs? Could even a particle of it make such a Rojdestvensky voyage? Would it, if it could? I see no background whatever to command such German gesture *in extremis* towards the grinning little sub-men of East Asia. The most in that line might be an accrued resolve that Germany's Fleet must never be used by the Allies against the Japs.

This time there may also be too much bitter hatred of British and Americans to render likely a concerted sea surrender in their direction, while a different, though equally strong, sentiment—fear—should reduce the likelihood of big naval surrender to the Russians, and this however much German crews may proclaim themselves Communists when *Der Tag* comes round again.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT DEVASTATION IN THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN. Kassel was heavily raided by the R.A.F. on the night of October 22-23. This reconnaissance picture was taken some days later, but whilst the fires were still burning: it shows the havoc caused among the many manufacturing centres of this once-important German industrial city (*See key given below*)

THE ALMOST COMPLETE OBLITERATION BY FIRE of the precision-instrument and machinery works in the centre of the town. Some of these Kassel buildings have been completely wiped out, and the others will be out of production for many months to come (*See notes at right*)

The WIPING-OUT of KASSEL'S INDUSTRIAL PLANTS

As the Result of the Heavy Raid Carried Out by the R.A.F. in October Last

—Two Official Air Ministry Reconnaissance Photographs

These two reconnaissance pictures of Kassel were taken after Bomber Command's attack on the night of October 22-23. They show quite clearly the great devastation and damage in the centre of the town and the industrial areas. When these photographs were taken fires were still burning and a haze of smoke still persisted over the smouldering ruins of the town—seven days after the attack. Kassel was well known for its locomotive works, for the manufacture of tanks, lorries and precision instruments, and it still has a very considerable importance as a railway centre.

In the upper picture is given a general view of the centre of the town as it is to-day. The following is a key to the areas indicated:

A—An almost completely gutted armoury.
B—Gutted timber shops.
C—Severe fire damage to Werk I, of Henschel u. Sohn, manufacturers of locomotives and lorries.
D—With the exception of one building, the Henschel supply organisation is completely gutted.
E—Gutted premises where cardboard boxes were once manufactured.
F—The gutted premises of Federstahl and Co., hardware.
G—Oil importer's premises, completely gutted.
H—Severe damage to the premises of Karl Gleissner, sieve and riddle makers.
I—A machine and repair depot, completely gutted.
J—Clothes factory, severely damaged by fire.
K—Gutted sawmills.
L—Severe damage by fire to the premises of manufacturers of tin plates and refrigerating machines.
M—Severe fire damage to the premises of Seeger and Co., precision instruments.
N—Severe damage by fire to the works of Beck and Henkel, A.G., manufacturers of machinery.

The two latter works are shown in detail in the photograph on the immediate left.

b

The BIGGEST-EVER DAY RAID

By U.S. Fortresses and Liberators on Wilhelmshaven —Escorted all the Way by Fighters

—Special Sphere Drawings

Two drawings on left*—FIGHTER, FIGHTER-BOMBER AND HEAVY BOMBER—which is the ideal ?—Drawings by Roland Davies***

Major Oliver Stewart is an air expert whose views are always stimulating: recently he posed the problem of which type of aircraft is the ideal for our present onslaught on Germany. The big bomber, he contended, suffers from heavy losses on long runs—and it is not easy to produce in quantity or to service, repair and maintain. "All experience supports the belief that speed and height are the best protectors. Yet the trend has been towards guns and ammunition. Our heavy bombers, when they go to Berlin, carry with them, all the way out and back, a vast deal of furniture which is not essential to the task in hand."

Major Stewart goes on to point out how night-bomber development has diverged from day bomber. The Flying Fortresses are comparatively poor bomb-weight carriers; but they justify themselves because they shoot down many enemy aircraft. Their task is not only to hit the target and get home, but also to do execution upon enemy fighters on the way. The night bombers, however, can justify themselves only on the grounds of hitting the target and getting home. Their armament, in fact, is purely defensive.

"It follows," says Major Stewart, "that the ideal night bomber would be a machine carrying one man and a bomb load and nothing else. . . . No bomber can have enough speed to be sure of getting away from any fighter, because the fighter may have an initial advantage in height and may convert this height into extra speed by diving. The fighter may be able to dive to the attack and then to break away two or three times before it has dissipated this extra speed." To conclude his argument, Major Stewart declares that no turrets and gun batteries and armour will ever be a permanent protection for the bomber against the fighter. But speed and climb will always be a protection.

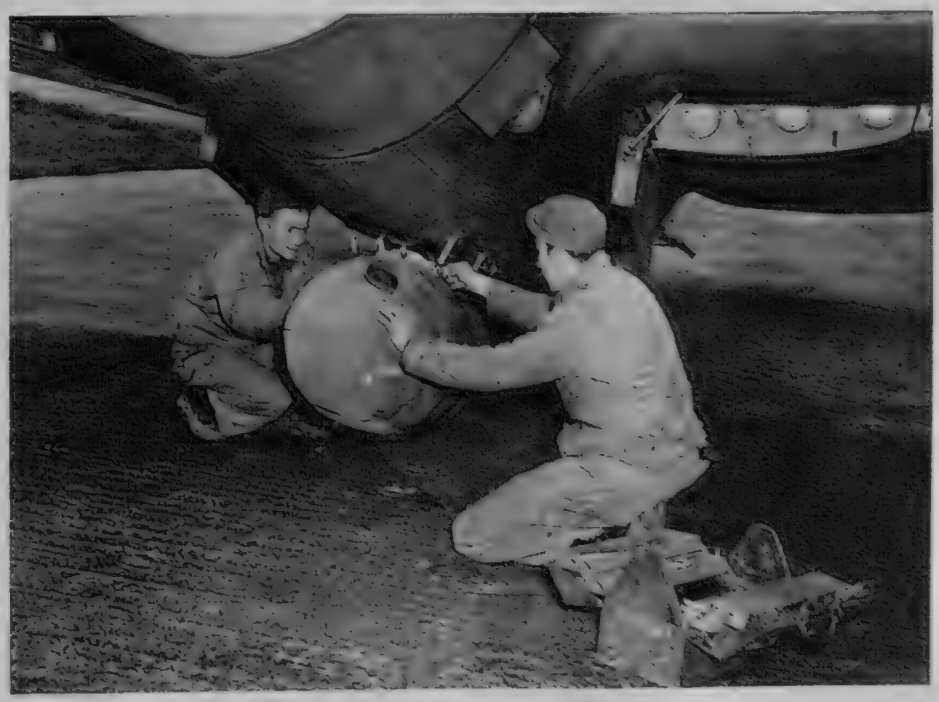
AN AMERICAN LIBERATOR being loaded up with 1,000-lb. bombs at its British base: This is the type of aircraft which is now sharing flights over Germany with the Flying Fortress. It has long been used for long-distance flights over both land and sea: its range is remarkable and its bomb-carrying capacity very considerable. In the Wilhelmshaven raid, numbers of this type were used—and they proved highly successful on this mission. The picture above was taken as 1,000-lb. bombs (manufactured in the United States) were being finned and primed just before the aircraft was due to take off for a raid over enemy territory

THE SCENE OVER WILHELMSHAVEN JUST AS THE BOMBERS WERE LEAVING THE TARGET ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, after the biggest daylight raid ever carried out over Germany. In the top right-hand of this drawing, Lightning fighters are seen diving down and attacking enemy fighters which have attempted to shoot down the big bombers from the rear; in the top left is a group of Thunderbolts; whilst below, German F.W. 190s are seen making a head-on attack—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

November 3 is a date which will figure in aviation history, for on that day a great force of American Fortresses and Liberators made the "biggest ever" daylight raid on Germany, with the naval base and shipbuilding centre of Wilhelmshaven as their chief target; furthermore, the bombers were escorted by Thunderbolt and Lightning fighters *all the way there and back*. It has been estimated by some competent authorities that eight to nine hundred aircraft—fighters and bombers—took part. The total distance flown could not have been less than 600 miles, yet only five bombers were lost—a great tribute to the work of the escort fighters. Of the enemy, eighteen aircraft were destroyed by the Fortresses and Liberators, and another sixteen were shot down by the Thunderbolts and Lightnings, for a loss of only two of the former.

The moment depicted in the drawing above occurred just as the bombers were leaving the target. "We found about ten enemy aircraft as they were about to attack the bombers from the rear," said one of the American fighter-pilots. "We came in on their tails and evidently surprised them. We got five, and the rest decided to play smart and went home."

The method by which certain types of short-range fighters can now be converted into long-range fighters is by fitting extra tanks to the underside of the aircraft. These affect the speed but slightly; after the petrol has been consumed they are jettisoned, whereupon the fighter regains whatever manœuvrability it had previously sacrificed. It is by this means that the Thunderbolts were able to fly to Wilhelmshaven and back: the Lightnings were designed from the start for long-range flights.



On right—**AT WORK ON A THUNDERBOLT FIGHTER:** Fitting an auxiliary petrol tank below the fuselage to enable the aircraft to escort heavy bombers deep into enemy territory. It was by means of these light containers that the Thunderbolts were able to accompany the Fortresses and Liberators on the 600-mile round trip to Wilhelmshaven. When the petrol is used up, the light container can be jettisoned by the pilot

FIGHTER VERSUS TRAIN AND SHIP

The Allied Air Offensive Against German Supply Lines and Rail Communications in France and Italy

—Special Sphere Drawings

THE GERMAN COMMUNICATIONS BY RAIL ARE BEING SYSTEMATICALLY DESTROYED IN ITALY. The scene at a marshalling yard as it undergoes a daylight attack by Marauder medium bombers

—Drawing by Roland Davies

Since the moment the Allies landed on the Italian coast the Air Forces have lent never-ceasing aid to the advancing armies by carefully planned and devastating attacks at vital points in the German supply system. By night, it has been the role of the Wellingtons of the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. to pound marshalling yards, rail junctions and road centres: by day, light bombers and Flying Fortresses have sought targets along the German life-lines from the supply bases to the front line. Wherever the bombers have struck they have left devastation in their wake. Reports from Italy have shown that frequently supplies which should have reached the German defenders have not arrived owing to the severed communications, or have arrived too late. The drawing by Mr. Davies above shows an attack by Marauders on an important rail centre—typical of many such daylight onslaughts. Not only are the lines severed, but railway buildings and locomotives—of which the Germans have none too plentiful a stock—are also destroyed in pin-pointed, precision bombing

A NEW AND STRIKING HEAD-ON IMPRESSION OF THE YORK TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT, which has been based on the very successful Lancaster bomber, and which will probably play a large part in Britain's post-war aviation plans

The Avro York is a high-wing four-engined monoplane with a wing span of 102 ft. and an overall length of 78 ft. Four Rolls-Royce Merlin liquid-cooled engines are installed. Externally, the main differences between the York and the Lancaster are the shape of the fuselage and the introduction of a triple tail-unit in the former. The fuselage has been designed specially for passenger or freight carrying. The wings and engine nacelles, which were originally designed for the Lancaster, are fitted in the York. The internal equipment has been so designed that the aircraft is readily and quickly convertible for use as an all-passenger or all-freight machine or for a mixed cargo. Large hatches in the fuselage enable bulky consignments to be easily handled. The York may be used both for short haul traffic or as a long-distance aircraft. When employed on short ranges it is capable of carrying over fifty passengers

TYPHOONS OF THE R.A.F. AT THEIR TASK OF DESTROYING ENEMY SHIPPING ALONG THE FRENCH COAST. A German escort vessel is attacked off Le Havre by a New Zealand pilot, and a hail of cannon fire sweeps the vessel's decks as the aircraft swoops down—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The Typhoon has now established itself as one of the very formidable aircraft operated by Fighter Command: fitted with the Napier "Sabre" engine, it is unorthodox in design, but it develops a speed of something like 400 m.p.h. It is armed with twelve ·303 Browning machine-guns, or four 20-mm. Hispano cannon-guns; and it is considered ideal for "Intruder" work over the Occupied Territories. Great successes have been achieved during "train-busting" patrols over France and Belgium, and during attacks on Germany's coastwise shipping. The drawing above depicts one of the latter. A squadron of Typhoons flown by New Zealand pilots encountered an escort vessel and others at the entrance to Le Havre. In the face of heavy flak the fighters swept down to a low level and attacked. In the result, the escort ship and one other were set on fire as the result of the stream of cannon shells hurled at their decks

ALONG THE ITALIAN COAST THE GERMANS HAVE BEEN USING BARGES FOR SEA TRANSPORT owing to the destruction or congestion of their railways. These barges, and their towing vessels, are now targets for the Allied Air Forces—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Whether it be through a shortage of shipping, or whether through our systematic campaign against railways in Italy, the Germans have of late been reported to be using Army pontoon rafts for coastal traffic along the Italian mainland. These rafts are constructed in the manner shown in the above drawing; and they are capable of conveying quite large cargoes of urgently needed war material. The towing vessels were built by the Germans as landing craft. Both rafts and towing ships have provided new targets for British and American fighters and bombers operating with the Fifth and Eighth Armies, and numbers of them have been shot up and wrecked during recent operations

The CAMPAIGN of the FIFTH and EIGHTH ARMIES

Some of the Problems which They are Facing in the Hilly Country in the Central Sectors and Along the Adriatic Sea

Special Sphere Drawings and Diagrams

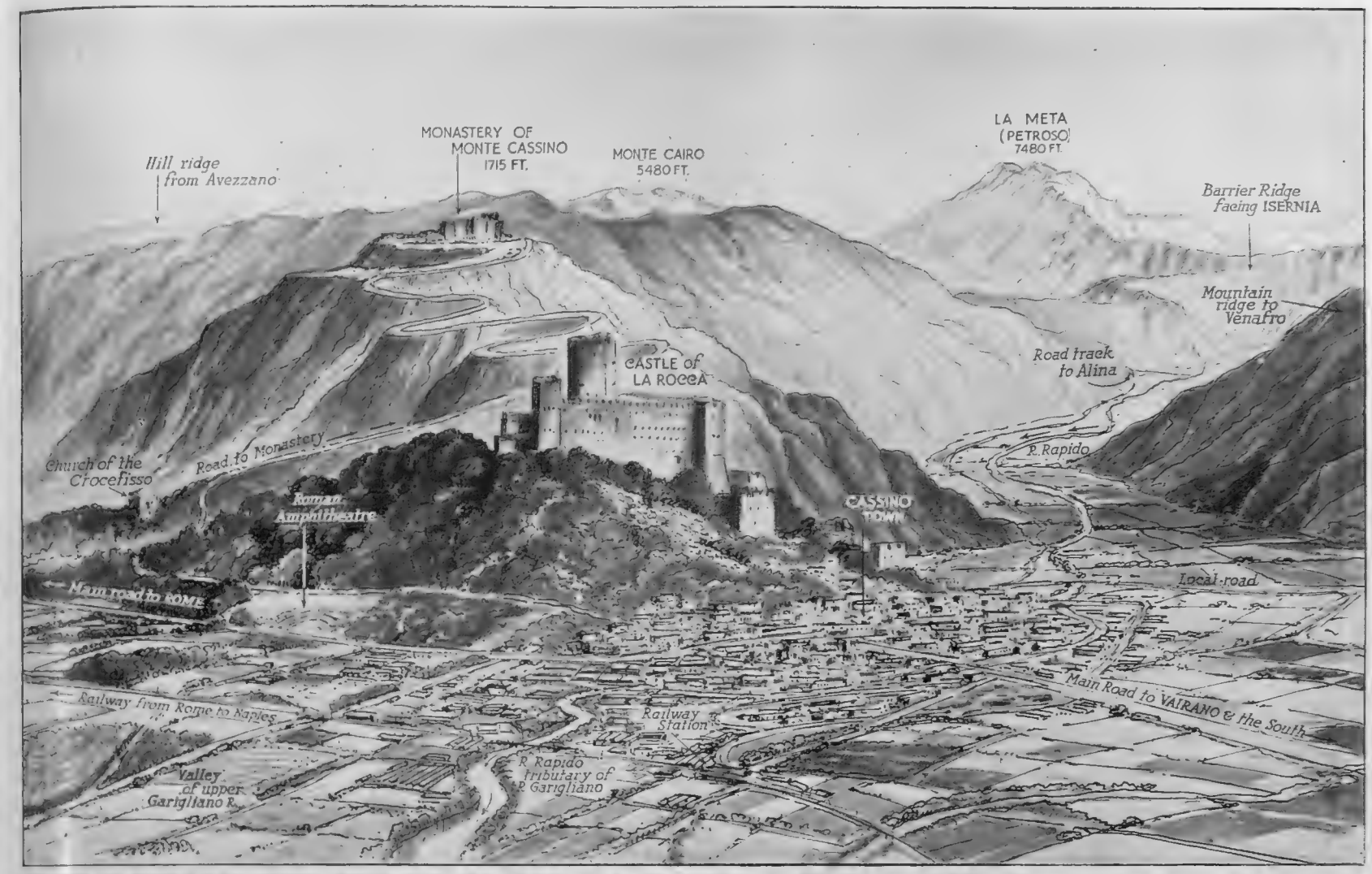
After the capture of Venafro and Isernia, in the hill country, the position facing the Fifth and Eighth Armies was a difficult one—mainly owing to the disposition of the mountain masses which lay ahead. In the reports from correspondents at the front, the next objective in the Allied plans was given as Cassino, which was also stated to be "under fire" from our artillery. This town is guarded by a steep mountain ridge, which runs south-east from a great peak known as Monte Meta and which rises to over 7,000 ft. The main road in the immediate proximity of Venafro leads—not forward—but slopes down to Vairano, where it then turns sharply back to Cassino. A minor road appears as a short cut over the ridge; this is indicated in the above drawing on the extreme right. Cassino itself is situated on one of the isolated patches of flat ground typical of the whole Apennine country. It is surrounded by mountains and lesser hills on three sides, opening out to the north-west in the direction of Rome. Through the town flows the Rapido, a small tributary of the Garigliano River. High above the town rises the ancient castle known as La Rocca; a little farther behind is the promontory of Monte Cassino, famous for its ecclesiastical possessions and for its large monastery buildings. A long, winding road leads to the monastery, the form of which strongly resembles a castle. This hill, much visited by tourists in peacetime, is backed by Monte Cairo, a mountain mass which rises to over 5,000 ft. In the lower left-hand portion of the drawing, the position of a large Roman theatre, built in classical times by a wealthy Roman woman, is indicated. Nearer the spectator is the railway line running from Rome to Naples

THE STRATEGY OF THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN—IS ROME OUR OBJECTIVE? Or are we going to exchange an 80-mile front, as at present, for a 230-mile front such as we would find along the River Po?

At the present moment the Allies in Italy enjoy a complete superiority in the air and at sea. The Germans, even if they wished to do so, dare not risk a full-scale offensive south of Rome. For the moment, Naples may not be fully operating as a supply base, but work is going on rapidly to restore its use as a first-class harbour for Allied supply vessels. Our troops are more than sufficient for the tasks already in hand, as their progress all along the line has demonstrated. A line across Italy, from Gaeta to Vasto, measures only 80 miles, however: even farther to the north, from Rome to Pescari, the line would not be much greater. But along the River Po—which it has always been assumed that the Germans would hold in strength—the distance from Turin to Venice is some 230 miles. Therefore, to assault and breach the line of the Po would require considerably more forces than General Alexander now controls. Forty to fifty divisions is one estimate. Consequently, in some quarters it has been argued that Rome should be our ultimate objective, with a line running across the country within this region. Even were the defence line along the Po ultimately broken down, at the cost of considerable casualties, it is difficult to see what material advantages would accrue, as beyond that line there still remains the Alps!

***On right*—THE IMPORTANT QUESTION OF SUPPLY. This becomes increasingly difficult as the passes of the Apennines are entered. The diagram given here shows our existing main supply routes—ports and railway lines**

The Italian peninsula, especially in its southern half, is narrow and mountainous: "This is generally to our advantage," said Lieut.-General Martin in a recent survey. "These local conditions of terrain slow down our advance, but at the same time, in combination with our complete command of air and sea, they enable General Alexander to contain the German forces in Italy, which in total are very greatly superior to his 15th Army Group. These forces cannot, or dare not, concentrate southward against him. As we get the port of Naples into good working order, the flow of warlike stores will steadily improve—an improvement which is likely to be reflected in the speed of our advance. During the recent fighting our Fifth and Eighth Armies, almost inevitably, must still have been short of much-needed heavy equipment"



THE TYPE OF MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY WHICH FACED OUR TROOPS AFTER THE CAPTURE OF VENAFRO AND ISERNIA. The enemy strong-point at Cassino, in the Apennines, which is backed up by high hills and dominated by the old castle of La Rocca and the ancient monastery on the Monte Cassino. In the foreground is the Plain of the Upper Garigliano River—*Drawing by Percy Home* (See notes at left)

AT THE EXTREME RIGHT OF THE EIGHTH ARMY'S FRONT ON THE ADRIATIC SEA, where the River Trigno was forced and the town and port of Vasto was captured: the latter town is perched on hills actually overlooking the sea—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

On the extreme right wing of the line across Italy, the Eighth Army had a difficult task in forcing a passage across the Trigno River. There was a wide stretch of low ground towards the mouth of the river crossed by the railway running south to Termoli and Bari, the chief method of southerly communication in peacetime. Most of the good roads run inland, so that the approaches to the river were not easy from the supply point of view. These difficulties were gradually overcome, however, and several bridgeheads established on the northern bank of the river. These positions were under fire from enemy gun positions on the six hills which command the river and the low-lying ground on both sides. The enemy, taking advantage of this, staged violent counter-attacks; but these had only brief success. Heavy rain at times swelled the river from bank to bank, but eventually tanks in considerable numbers were able to ford the stream. These reinforced the bridgeheads and enabled our forces to meet tank with tank in a series of combats which recalled the earlier days of the Italian campaign. The enemy had concentrated a considerable amount of armour in this district; this did not avail against the determined Allied infantry attacks supported by heavy artillery bombardments. The little rock-perched town of Vasto, which was a valuable observation- and strong-point, was at length captured and the enemy pressed back to his new line of defence beyond the Sangro River

LIFE WITH THE ARMY

Scenes from the Allied-Held Territories in Italy

NAPLES STREET SCENE

The New Anglo-Italian Accord

—Drawing by Edward Osmond

In a quiet corner of a side-street, away from the throngs of the Via Roma, a British Infantryman reads a letter from his wife, at the same time nursing a couple of attractive little Italian girls. Nearby stands a member of the Carabinieri, the military police recruited from the Regular Army for a period of five years. These men are to be seen, white-gloved and stately, in all Italian cities: General Alexander had a good word for them in his latest summary of the war situation. The Carabinieri have acted as an official body of police in the occupied areas, helping to preserve order during a very disturbed period. Many of them are now acting under the orders of A.M.G.O.T.

LANCE-SERGEANT EDDIE CONNOLLY, of Edinburgh, is the Battery Cook-Sergeant. He has an Italian woman for his assistant in the preparation of meals for the Battery

THIS DESPATCH-RIDER HAD A FORCED HALT owing to water in the carburettor. The inevitable Italian child looks on with interest whilst he carries out the necessary adjustments

CRAFTSMAN BOBBY HEAD, from Bath, works with the town wheelwright outside the latter's workshop near an Italian road in the occupied area

THE BATTERY COBBLER, Bombardier James Wright (from Hanley), working with the local town cobbler, who was a soldier in the Italian Army until the surrender

A LONELY OUTPOST UP IN THE COLD AND DAMP APENNINES. British soldiers, part of an Armoured Car Unit, holding a section of the Allied front, before their improvised hill quarters and wearing their new hooded cloaks

UP at the FRONT

A Scene in the Hill Country Beyond the Volturno—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

As a contrast to the peaceful scene in the drawing on the facing page is this picture of life up at the front amongst the Apennines. After the bustle and gaiety of the cafes and shops of Naples, these men were ferried across the Volturno River and reached the tenuous, winding Allied line amongst the dripping hills. Patrols are out ahead, while a thin line of armoured cars and other details hold the roads leading up to the enemy's positions. The British and American troops engaged in this work live in great discomfort, sheltering as best they can in "foxholes" and gullies, and mostly without the means of preparing hot meals. They eat from tins and sleep in snatches in the open. The men seen here are sheltering behind some rocks near the road which they are guarding: one of them has secured a copy of a three-month-old newspaper, from which he is reading. High up in the Apennine Mountains the weather can be most unpleasant, with grey autumnal days of constant rain and low clouds. Hooded waterproof capes, resembling those of the Ku Klux Klan, are now being provided as a special protection against the cold and damp: this is an innovation in battle-kit only recently introduced. Italy may be a "land of song and sunshine" in the memory of summertime visitors to the Riviera resorts or Sicily: for many of our men fighting among the defiles of the Apennines it will have less happy associations when they return home!

From the BATTLE ZONES in ITALY

Drawings by Sphere Artists, and Official Photographs, of Scenes in the Front Lines

THE RETURN OF THE PACK-MULE, for work amongst the mountainous Apennine country in Italy
—Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

In Tunisia, the pack-mule played a prominent part in the hilly country held by the First Army : to-day, it is again being used by the Fifth and Eighth Armies in Italy. In the hilly country, railways do not exist, and roads are infrequent and bad, where they are not also dominated by the German artillery. Hence the return to the slow, but reliable, pack-mule, which has figured in almost every British campaign for many centuries past. Here a mule-train is seen picking its way through the blocked streets of a hill-town on its way up to the forward positions in the mountains

NO TIME IS LOST IN REPAIRING SLIGHTLY DAMAGED TANKS. This Sherman was hit by a 75-mm. shell in the Eighth Army battle for Termoli. Craftsman Bird, of Birmingham, with his assistant, Driver Grimmell, is here seen welding and making good the battle damage

THE DRIVER OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY'S JEEP : Driver Burford, of the R.A.S.C., who won the Military Medal for outstanding bravery at Alamein and Mareth and for continual good service, is here being congratulated by the General. He has driven his jeep ever since the Battle of El Alamein

THE FIFTH ARMY GOES BACK TO CAVALRY : Officers purchasing remounts from Italian peasants at the local horse-fair—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

More and more units of the Fifth Army have been reported as returning to the use of horses in the Apennine foothills. The land in this region is suitable only for cavalry, and this is forcing the Allies back to the early methods of the last war, with cavalry and infantry as the main offensive weapons. Large numbers of horses which not long ago plodded over Italian fields and pulled Italian farm-carts have been pressed into service. Their purchase from the peasants has been negotiated by British officers who have paid visits to local horse-fairs for this special purpose

A FRONT-LINE MOBILE CANTEEN WITH THE FIFTH ARMY. Troops go back to their battle quarters with mugs of tea provided by the two regraded soldiers who operate this Y.M.C.A. vehicle

ARMY CUSTOMERS AT THE CANTEEN—a picture taken from the service side of the counter : Across the Volturno, and just behind the ranks of the advancing front-line troops, moves a mobile canteen of the Y.M.C.A. This particular canteen started to follow our fighting men when they broke through at El Alamein, and although its career nearly came to a sudden end at Medenine, under enemy shell-fire, it is still going strong. The canteen is a gift from the people of Workington and District ; it is run by two regraded soldiers : Gunner H. J. Lee, of Enfield, Middlesex, and Driver H. J. Rowe, of Liverpool

BRITISH ARTILLERY CLEAR A WAY THROUGH TO THE GARIGLIANO VALLEY ON THE FIFTH ARMY'S FRONT: 25-pounders posted up on the hill-slopes bombard the enemy's positions with non-cratering shells to permit the infantry to go through—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

This picture shows the scene at the capture of the last enemy bastion this side of the Garigliano River, some thirteen miles north-west of Capua and the lower reaches of the Volturno: it shows the battle raging along the rising ground leading up to a 3,000-ft. hill captured by the Fifth Army in the Apennine Mountains. The battle began half an hour after midnight in the cold, moonless blackness. Infantrymen attacked up a spur strongly held by the enemy, won their positions, were counter-attacked, regained the spur and are now holding it squarely. The 25-pounders in their rear during the action hurled thousands of non-cratering, high-fragmentation shells on the enemy position beyond them. Whole hill-sides were scattered with razor-sharp fragments: the deadliness of this concentrated punishment was one very good reason why the Panzer Grenadiers gave ground. The artillery once more played half the battle. Return gunfire was directed chiefly against road junctions in our hands—pin-pointed shooting which added tricky gauntlet-running to the anxieties of our men under fire, but which could do nothing to slacken the cannonades which screamed over towards the enemy's lines. Note the knocked-out German tank to the left centre of this picture

IN THE VOLTURNO AREA. Headquarters of the Royal Tank Regiment have been located in an obsolete Italian tramway-car. Sergeant-Major Parkins, of Sheffield, is here seen seated on the steps of the disused carriage having a quiet smoke whilst his tea cools down

FRONT-LINE BLOOD DONORS. Although field ambulances carry a supply of blood for transfusion purposes, there are times when the need exceeds their stock. For this reason, Transfusion Units, consisting of an officer and two men, travel round the battle-front to contact donors. Above, Captain Reid, with his assistant, Lance-Corporal Hall, is seen operating on Private Russell, of King's Cross, London

MORE ABOUT GUNS

And the Compact and Light Equipment of Our Airborne Troops

—With Drawings by B. C. Wood

THE smaller type of Multiple A.-A. weapons.—No modern naval weapons have appealed more to the imagination of landsmen, or performed more useful service than the multiple anti-aircraft guns of our ships. While, however, most people are acquainted with the spectacular features of this type of ordnance—the masses of protruding muzzles, the simultaneous spurting into the sky of a mathematically precise pattern of bursting shells—few understand exactly how the weapons are operated. There are, of course, two main kinds of anti-aircraft guns on warships, the multiple pom-pom and the light multiple machine-gun.

Since the light weapon is the most ubiquitous, being found on merchant vessels and many small craft, as well as on men-of-war, its method of operation should be described first. And it should be possible at once to clear up a common misconception, fostered by some photographs which apparently indicate that the gun is fired by a single operator.

While it is possible for one man to manipulate the gun, it is not a recommended procedure, being partial. The weapon is built for two men, and one man can fire only two of the four barrels at once. The basic principle is that four Vickers water-cooled machine-guns with anti-flash muzzle caps are fixed one on top of the other, with a wide space in between each on a single-tilted mounting which is swivelled to the deck. On either side of the perpendicular row of muzzles are two steel drums, which contain the belts of ·5-in. cartridges. The mounting is backed by a shield of armour-plate, perforated by slits and curved at the top.

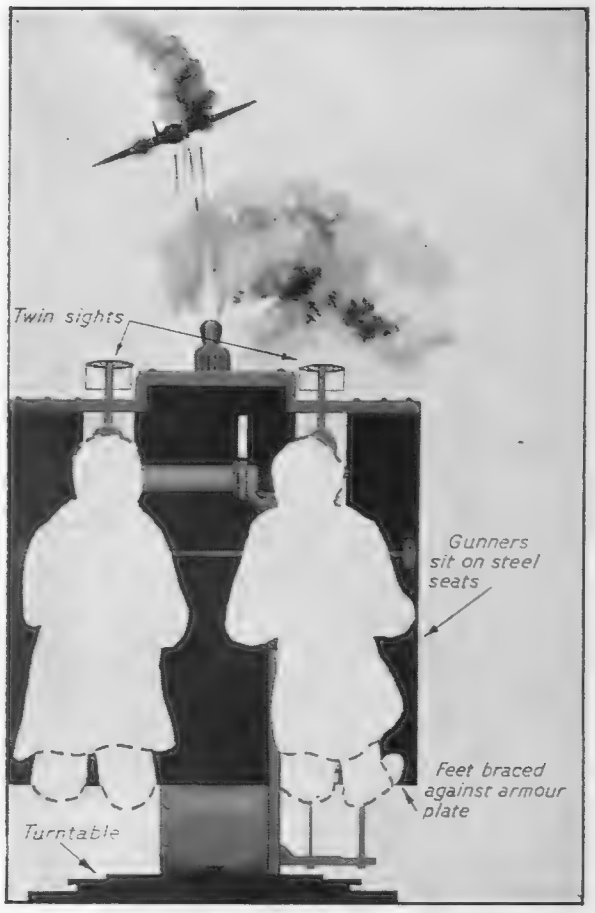
Behind this shield, on either side of the central portion, are two sets of steel seats, triggers, traversing and elevating gear, and, above these, and extending skywards when the weapon is elevated, are two sets of telescopic sights.

Ideally, a crew of four men should be in attendance on these guns, two at the firing positions and two at the sides for the purpose of replenishing ammunition and making adjustments. But under active service conditions a crew of two has been found adequate. Each man, peering through his sight and operating his instruments, takes aim and fires at the oncoming aircraft with two of the barrels. Naturally, those two barrels can be fired on their own by one man if necessary, but the complete weapon will not achieve the best results unless all four machine-guns are in simultaneous operation, to bring a deadly concentration of aim and fire on the fast-moving target.

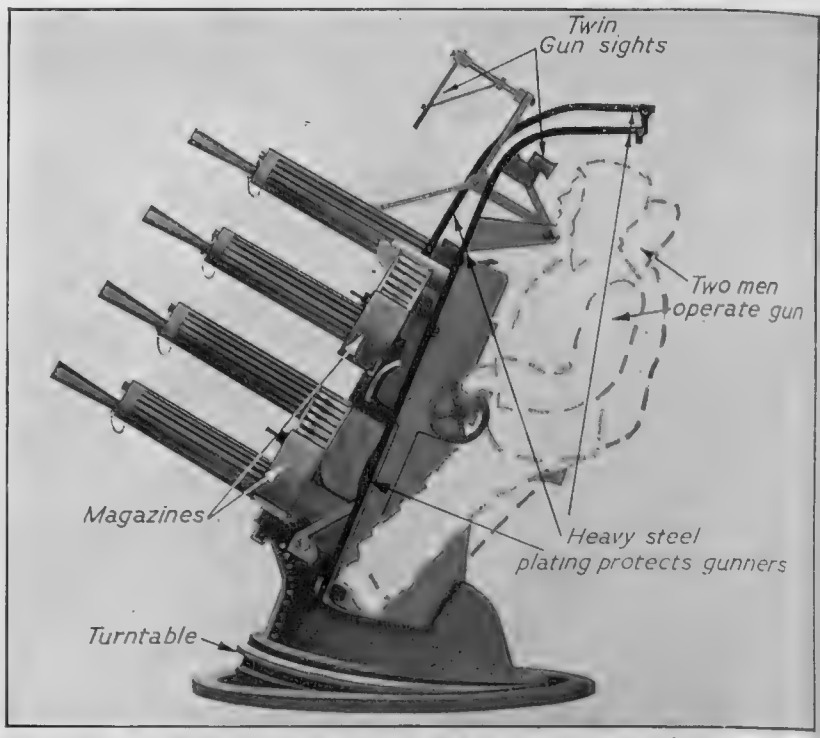
The larger pom-pom is operated in very much the same way, with modifications to meet difficulties caused by its size. Explosive shells of two-pounds weight are fired at a high rate from eight barrels by a crew of six or more men.

The subject should not be left without a word about the sensations of those men. They have been described as akin to those of pneumatic drillers and plasterers. The vibrations of the weapon, communicated to the gunners' bodies by the steel which they grasp and on which they sit, are so insidious that hours afterwards the hands and the teeth seem to shake. The continual crouching and peering upwards make the gunners feel as if they have been nailing laths on interminable ceilings, and send them staggering away below decks with the conviction that they are suffering badly from curvature of the spine

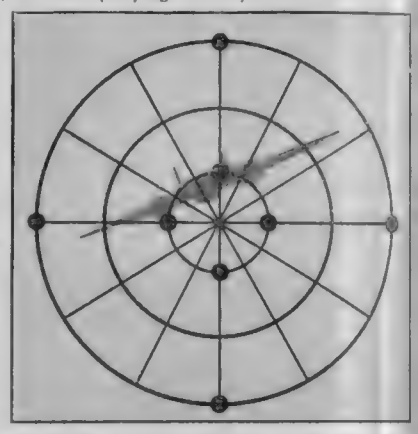
D. C.



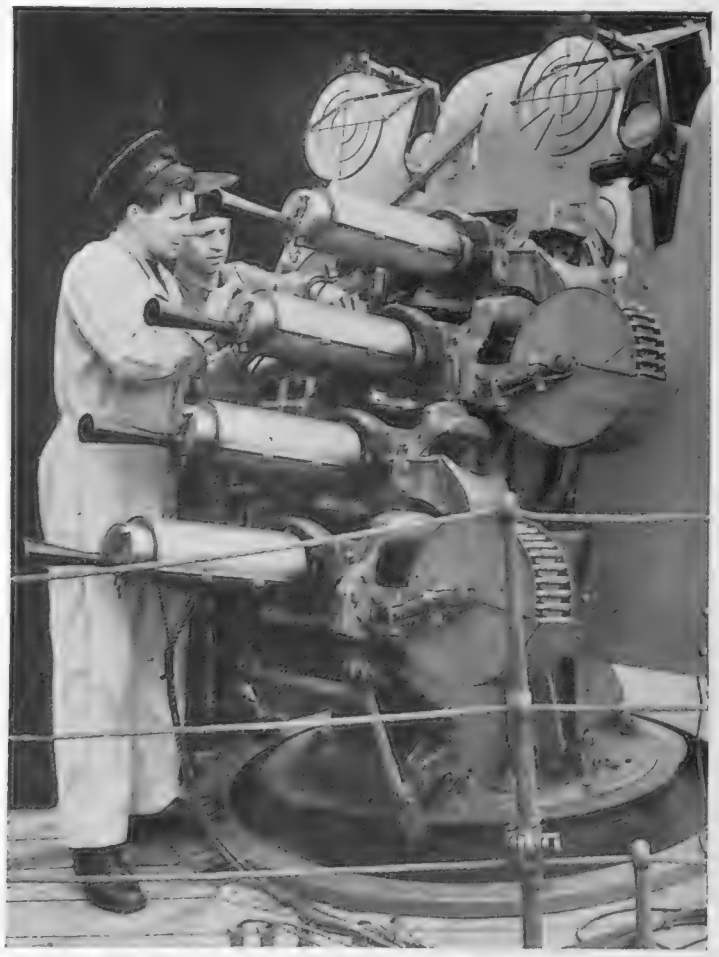
TWO GUNNERS USE THE TWIN-SIGHTS to operate the four guns of this multiple anti-aircraft weapon



THIS TYPE OF MULTIPLE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IS BEST OPERATED WITH TWO GUNNERS. Although it can, on occasion, be operated by one man; it is then not so effective *(See accompanying article)*

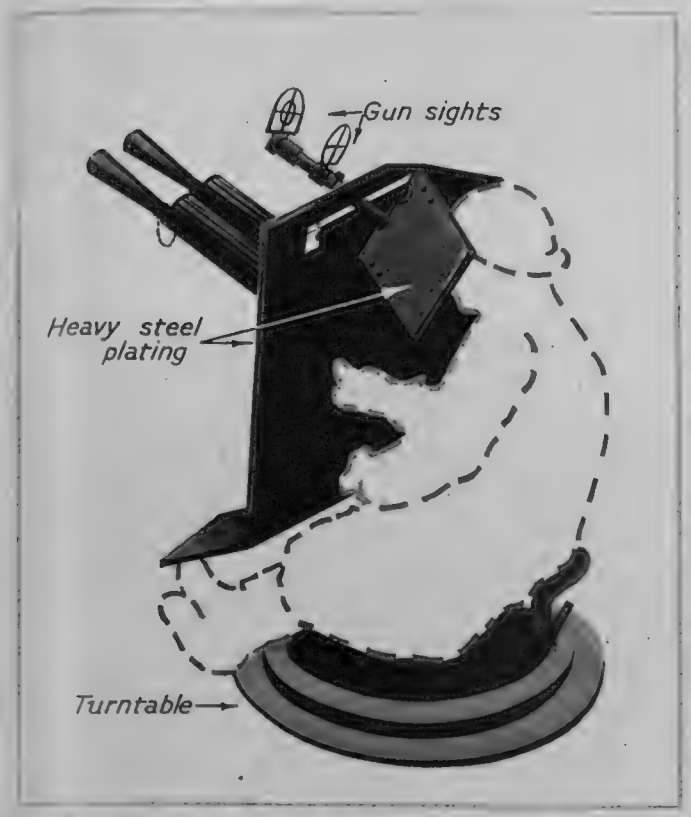


WHAT THE GUNNER SEES through the sights mounted above the barrels

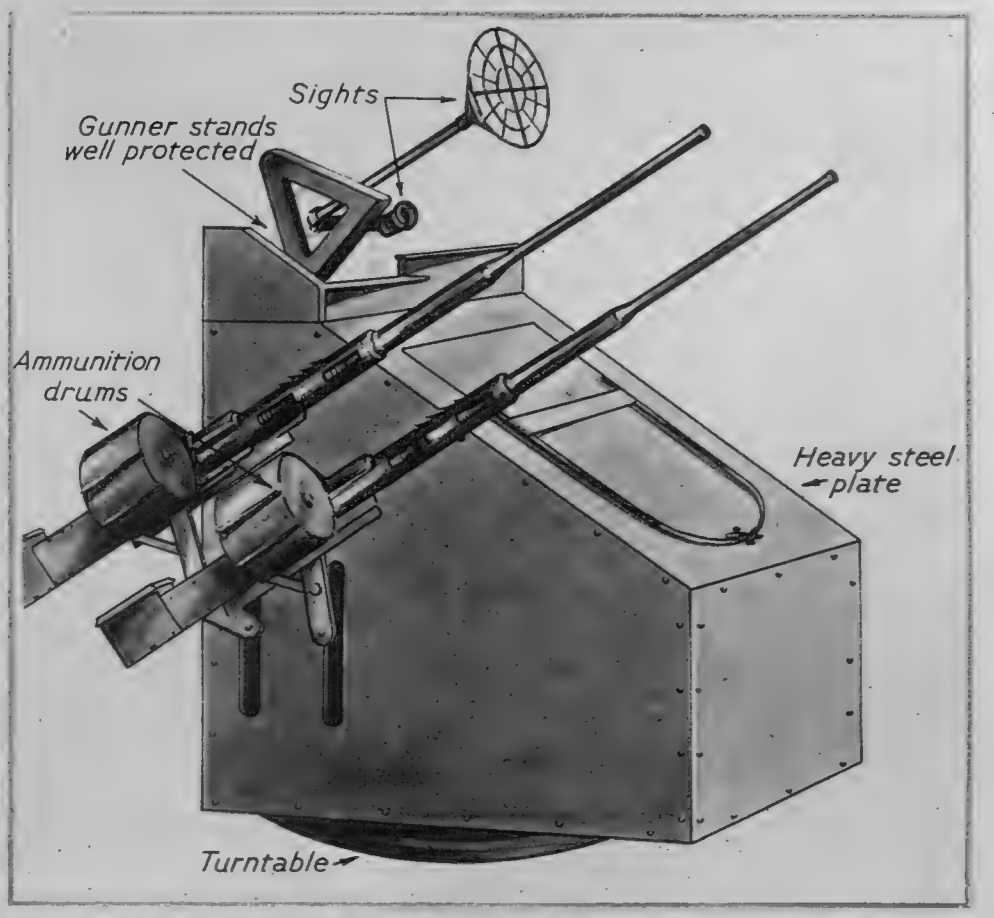


CLEANING ONE OF THE SHIP'S MULTIPLE GUNS on board a mine-sweeper—a picture which shows how the shells are fed into these deadly and accurate weapons

A MULTIPLE ·5-IN. GUN READY FOR ACTION on board a corvette. The gun is mounted aft of the funnels on its own solid platform and behind a protective shield: it is operated by two men as described in the accompanying article



TWO ·5 MACHINE-GUNS mounted on a single turntable and operated by one man. This is a favourite weapon of the minesweepers, and it has scored a number of successes against low-flying enemy aircraft



A TWIN OERLIKON WEAPON mounted aboard H.M. Indian sloop "Godaveri," whose crew were recently complimented by the King on their smartness. The "Turkish bath" arrangement by the side of the weapon is the gunner's protective shield

SOME NEW IDEAS IN MILITARY EQUIPMENT

A NEW ANTI-GAS IDEA FROM AMERICA. Made of a cellophane-like substance, this new invention from the United States is compact and quickly set up. It is an individual protective cover intended as a supplement to the gas-mask in certain situations

FOR USE BY AIRBORNE TROOPS. The container on the ground is dropped by parachute at the same time as the paratroops. It contains four sections of a wireless set, each of which can be carried on a man's back in the manner shown above, for assembly as the occasion demands

On left—A NEW TYPE OF FOLDING BICYCLE, for paratroop use. By turning the two butterfly-screws on the upper and lower bars of the frame, the two wheels come alongside each other, making a very compact little load for dropping from the air

Above—A LIGHT FOLDING MOTOR-CYCLE dropped from an aircraft for the use of paratroops in hostile territory

The "MOUNTAIN RESCUE SERVICE" of the R.A.F.

Which Locates and Brings Down Airmen Who Crash in Inaccessible Mountain Country

WITH HIS "WALKIE-TALKIE" RADIO STRAPPED TO HIS BACK, a member of the Snowdonia rescue-party points out the position of a crashed aircraft during a demonstration of the work of the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Service. In the background are the special radio-equipped ambulance and auxiliary jeep car, prepared to receive casualties for first aid and for transmission to the base hospital after rescue

THE EQUIPMENT OF A MOUNTAIN RESCUER: The "Walkie-Talkie" is contained in a haversack strapped on his back; it has throat microphones. The lamp on his forehead is for night work up in the hills

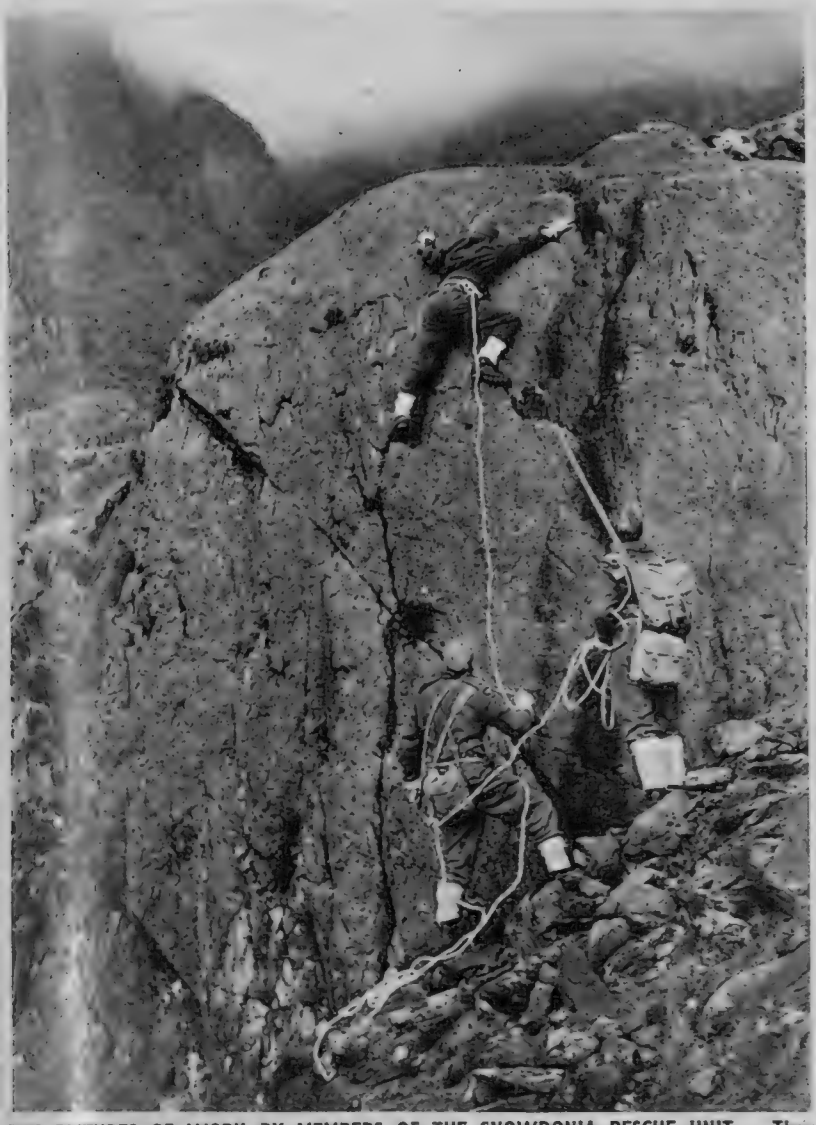
ROPED TO THE MEDICAL OFFICER (who is also a skilled climber), the members of the rescue unit are hauled up a cliff face: below them is a drop of hundreds of feet into the lake. Their daily work takes place in country as difficult as this, in the wilder fastnesses of Snowdonia

Airmen who crash in remote mountainous districts in Britain, inaccessible to other rescue-parties, are now being saved by the Mountain Rescue Service of the R.A.F. Several stations of Flying Training Command now possess these rescue services, which have proved their worth in the short time they have been in operation. Each unit has a powerful four-wheel drive ambulance carrying medical and rescue equipment, and a wireless set which keeps contact with the searching aircraft, base station and searching-party, whose members carry portable radio sets, known as "Walkie-Talkies." A jeep acts as tender to the ambulance. When a crash is located, the position of the aircraft is notified to the unit by wireless, and the ambulance proceeds as far as possible to the scene, the jeep pushing on when it has to stop. It is often necessary for the rescue-party, trained in mountaineering, to continue on foot. A unit which operates in the mountains of Snowdonia, North Wales (where this series of pictures was made), have as medical officer Flight-Lieut. Graham, a skilled mountaineer, whose work for the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Service has been recognised by the award of the M.B.E.

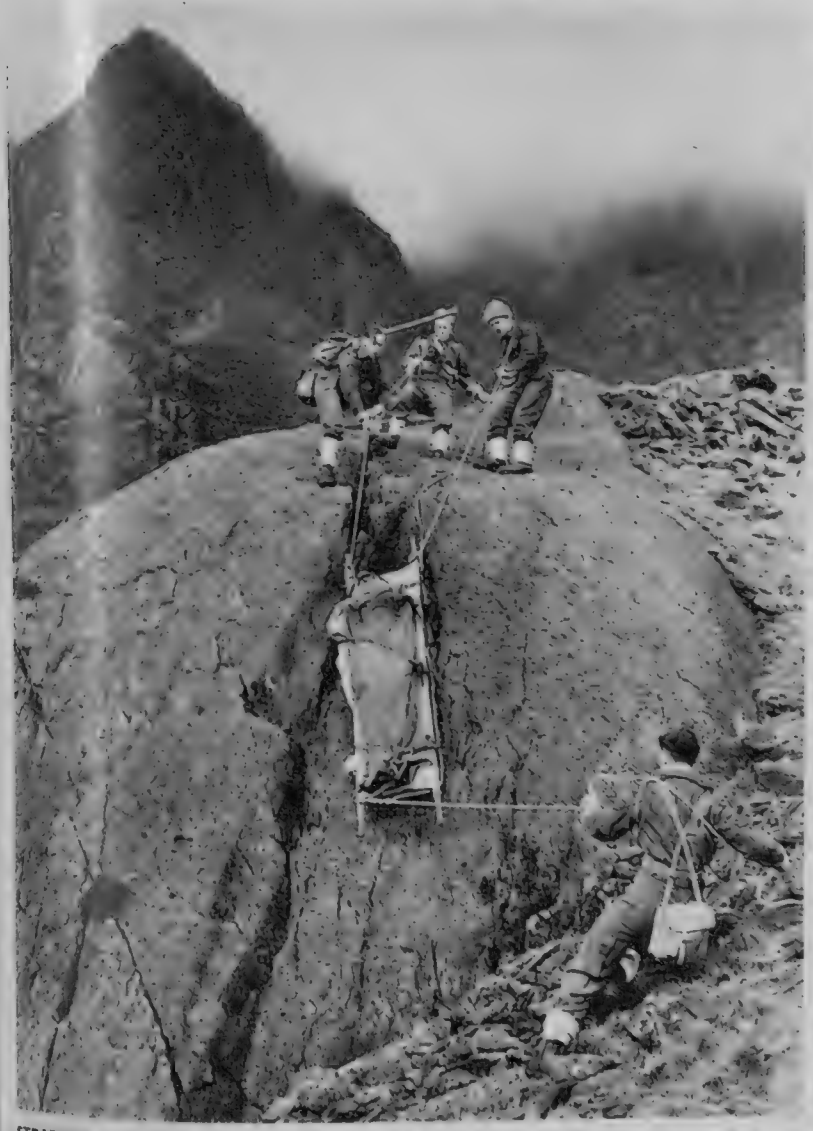
EQUIPPED WITH RADIO AND CLIMBING-ROPES, a member of the unit sets out over a stretch of rugged country

THE CANVAS CANOPY OVER THE TAIL OF THE AMBULANCE provides an emergency "hospital" for crash victims. It is fitted with radio to keep in touch with the rescue-party and with the base. Note the prominent Red Cross on its side

THE MEDICAL OFFICER OF THE SNOWDONIA RESCUE-PARTY, Flight-Lieut. G. D. Graham, M.B.E., and a corporal of the R.A.F. give first aid to a "rescued" airman. The latter was lowered from a high ridge by other members of the team during a demonstration of their work in the mountains of North Wales



TWO PICTURES OF WORK BY MEMBERS OF THE SNOWDONIA RESCUE UNIT: They are here seen making their way to the scene of a crash, scaling the slopes with the aid of ropes and climbing gear. Every trick of the skilled rock-climber is used by these men, who have had much experience: their rescues have been effected at heights up to 3,000 ft. and in all kinds of weather



STRAPPED TO A STRETCHER, a casualty rescued from a crashed aircraft in the Welsh mountains is lowered by ropes over the edge of a rocky mound. By this method the casualty is saved from further serious injury

ON ARRIVAL AT A LOCATION WITH JEEP AND AMBULANCE, maps are consulted by the rescue-party to find the best routes over the high mountains.

FLIGHT-LIEUT. GRAHAM, MEDICAL OFFICER, in the auxiliary jeep ambulance which takes over when the mountain roads become too steep and tortuous for the heavier, radio-equipped ambulance of the Unit

NEW IDEAS for the PEOPLE'S "CLUB-HOUSE"

What Has Already Been Attained, and what is Still To Come in the Post-War Reconstruction of Saloon and Public-House. Described by CHARLES GRAVES

IT has been with a real interest that I have been studying the question of the public-house after the war.

It appears that there were 75,000 of them in England and Wales in 1939. Of these, perhaps 800 were "free," and 1,100 in all have been destroyed by enemy action. At present the Home Office Committee on the reconstruction of bombed public-houses has been sitting for some time, but its conclusions are not expected to be published yet awhile.

The points at issue are considerable; in particular, the redistribution of licences after the war and the rebuilding of public-houses in conformity with the other new houses which will rise on the scene of German bomb craters. A typical problem is that of, let us say, Stepney, with a peace-time population of 200,000 people. If the Ministry of Town Planning decides that Stepney will be rebuilt in a less congested manner, so that only 100,000 people will live there after the war, the immediate question is whether the public-houses will disperse with the populace. Again, if a whole row of houses has been knocked down, leaving only the Pig and Whistle at the corner, will the Ministry of Town Planning decide that the Pig and Whistle must be completely redesigned to fit the architectural entity of the post-war houses in that street?

There are all sorts of other problems. Does the public want huge public-houses, like the Downham Tavern on the L.C.C. Housing Estate between Catford and Bromley, which claims to be England's biggest and best improved tavern? The experts say that it is far too large, and why have one colossal house to serve a population of about 30,000? On the other hand, the small, cramped, Victorian pub is never likely to reappear. A medium-size public-house seems to be the obvious thing on the lines of the type in Birmingham, where public-house improvement was started as part of the city plan over forty years ago. As a result of the local scheme, redundant licences were surrendered in the heart of the city and a ring of fine and intelligently distributed public-houses has been erected on the outskirts. As Basil Oliver, the architect, says, the characteristics of the Birmingham type are: "Plenty of draw-up space for parking cars; a good garden, including usually a bowling green; a pleasing kind of elevation recalling, on a larger scale, the old inn of domestic character; oak doors, clear glass in entrance doors, floor behind counters 5-in. higher than in front; lavatories for bar, outside; two smoking-rooms, men and women; plenty of ventilation; garden service, and no stupid inhibitions about alcohol being served there; the bar to "over-see" all entrances, lavatories and licensed rooms. . . ."

The statistics of drunkenness, incidentally, are remarkable. In 1879 nearly 34,000 people were arrested for being drunk and disorderly in the Metropolitan Police District, which was much smaller than it is to-day; whereas in 1933 there were only a few hundred more convictions for this in the whole of England and Wales. There seems little doubt that fifty years ago the poorer classes drank to forget their troubles and misfortunes, and the temperance bodies which used to state that drink is at the bottom of all social evils were exactly wrong. In other words, drunkenness is the product of social evils. There also seems little doubt that the radio, the cinema, the playing fields and other attractions of modern life enable people to enjoy themselves increasingly instead of having to drown their sorrows.

And in the same way that a different class of woman has no coyness about entering a public-house, so many men have also been drawn to public-houses, if only because it is natural for them to join their fellow Home Guards after a parade, at the local.

It is evident that the improved architecture both inside and outside the modern public-house is largely responsible for the improvement in behaviour of the public-house frequenters. The provision of anything from snacks to good hot meals is a further stage in the social rise of the pub. A man or woman is much less likely to get drunk if he can eat food at the same time. It is true, of course, that a surprising number of people who used to drink bitter beer have formed a taste for mild, which is now the most popular and easily the least alcoholic of all fermented liquors. On the other hand, the thinness of this brew is largely responsible for the increase in the sale of whisky, with its consequent dangers of intoxication. It says much for the conduct of the modern tavern that one sees so little drunkenness in spite of this, and in spite of the fact that higher wages all round puts hard liquor once again inside the purchasing range of the working classes.

After the last war, the great brewing firms employed illustrious architects like Sir Edwin Lutyens to design their new taverns, and no doubt the same will happen after this war. In keeping with this, it is to be hoped that a real attempt will be made to follow the Continental practice of training all new licensees in the art of conditioning their beer, controlling their staff, and man-management generally. The publican can do immense good or harm, and if he can do the right thing genially, he must be given the right kind of house in which he can best exercise his talents. A really large public-house is almost impossible to control, even if the bars are built in a large circle all round his central position, from where, like a captain on the bridge of a ship, he can see all that is going on. In any case, the average customer dislikes being lost in a wilderness of space. It reminds him too much of a service or factory canteen, and he loses all the friendliness and informality between himself and the publican. In fact, he likes to be served by a man whom he knows and who knows him; and though there may be half-a-dozen pubs in his neighbourhood, he will go nine times out of ten to his favourite. In the first instance, it will have been the quality of the beer which has made him a "regular." After that, it is the personality of the publican and the growing affection for, and familiarity with, the local scene and local acquaintances which will keep his loyalty. The average man would say that he goes to a public-house to meet his friends and have a drink. Lady Astor would say that he goes to a pub to have a drink and meet his friends. Let us split the difference and say that he goes to a pub to have a drink with his friends.

In the more modern type of pub there are, of course, other attractions. Darts have long come back into their own. In the country there are the bowling-greens or skittle alleys. One can expect that an increasing number of post-war pubs will have snooker tables, children's playground, concert hall, winter garden, tea-room, and space at the back for open-air dancing. Those who may think that this is a pipe dream need only visit the Robin Hood at Becontree, in Essex, built before the war (by Whitbreads).

Nobody seems to know whether the British Restaurants will continue after the war. No doubt some of them will, though others, which are being run at so notable a loss, will doubtless be discontinued. The lessening of their numbers will certainly encourage the public-houses to revive their sound hot meals, which are now being compelled by Lord Woolton to decrease—perhaps his only mistake in his superlative career as Minister of Food.

As a matter of personal preference, I like the North Country pubs best where there is a piano, and, maybe, a drummer in one corner. The music-halls began literally with the music rooms (or halls) of the public-house. There is a pub in Manchester (or was in 1940) where a swinging microphone can be pushed in the direction of any member of the audience who announced his desire to sing a solo, preferably with a chorus. I do not think I ever enjoyed an evening more in my life, for there was a small band to keep the various singers more or less in tune. The best entertainment in the world is that in which the audience entertains itself, and I hope very much that the brewers throughout the country will encourage sing-songs in the way in which it is only practised to-day in the North. It is too much, perhaps, to extend the idea of the Players Theatre, where the audience is as much of a show as the small party of artistes; but it would surely be worth the experiment. Before the war, quite successful attempts were made to give poetry readings and recitations in taverns. C. B. Fry, I am told, had a great success at the Lords Tavern when reading a piece about cricket to the assembled populace. If people will stop drinking to listen to a recitation, they will surely enjoy still more the sing-song. It is, of course, an unpopular thing to say to-day, but after that evening in the Manchester pub, the next I enjoyed most was at the Platzl in Munich, in 1931—for much the same reasons. That was before Hitler. And now there is no Platzl.

It is possible that the brewers might think that they would not sell as much of their liquor if there were too many attractions. To judge by all their publications, however, it would appear that they really wish to raise the standard of the public-house after this war, irrespective of their own pockets.

WHEN THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER WAS BOMBED, IN OCTOBER 1940, the historical windows of the ancient Abbey were damaged by bomb blast. The old coloured glass was sorted out from the plain glass, for eventual restoration after the war. The Abbey stands hard by the Houses of Parliament, which were also severely hit during the blitz (*See also facing page, dealing with the restoration of the House*)

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AS IT WAS BEFORE THE GREAT ENEMY RAID ON MAY 10, 1941. It was constructed in 1840, from the designs of Sir Charles Barry, and it was destroyed "with one of the last bombs of the last series of raids." The question of its rebuilding is now under active consideration and a Select Committee is to be appointed to consider plans

THE CENTRE OF THE HOUSE: THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR. On the left (that is, on the Speaker's right hand) are the Treasury Benches, occupied by Ministers of the Crown; on the right are the Opposition Benches. Above are the Galleries

THE UPPER CHAMBER, THE DIGNIFIED AND STATELY HOUSE OF LORDS. This is decorated in the richest Gothic style. It is an oblong chamber 90 ft. in length, 45 ft. broad and 45 ft. high

The REBUILDING of the HOUSE of COMMONS

The Government intend to proceed with the rebuilding of the House of Commons. This was announced by Mr. Churchill himself recently, when he proposed the appointment of a Select Committee to consider and report on plans for the rebuilding. Mr. Churchill then disclosed—what most Londoners already knew—that the Commons was destroyed on the night of May 10, 1941, "with one of the last bombs of the last series of raids."

He told the House that "we shape our buildings and afterwards our buildings shape us." He went on to say that there are two main characteristics of the House of Commons . . . "they will, I have no doubt, seem odd to foreign ears. The first is that it should be oblong and not semi-circular; the second is that it should not be big enough to contain all its Members at once without overcrowding and that there should be no question of every Member having a separate seat reserved for him"—in other words, a small chamber and a sense of intimacy were indispensable.

The House destroyed in May 1941 was not very old, although it rested on foundations dating back to 1299. It was constructed from the designs of Sir Charles Barry, who began the building in 1840 after the disastrous fire of 1834. The task was completed (after his death in 1860) by Sir Charles Barry's son, in the year 1868.

"THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT." This contemporary engraving (in colour) was published "by W. Spooner, No. 259, Regent Street, Oxford Street." It shows the scene from the river on Thursday night, October 16, 1834, as the old and historic meeting-places of Lords and Commons were destroyed. The old Palace of Westminster had been previously injured by fire in 1299 and 1512. After the disaster of 1834, nothing was left but Westminster Hall, the crypt and cloisters, and the Jewel House

AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie By J. G.

OLD CLO'.—When this war started, or soon after, the authorities warned us to expect a thin time for tailors and dandies, and exhorted us not only to practise sartorial austerity, but to be proud of it. The new dandyism was to model itself on the scarecrow, not on the tailor's dummy. I laughed at these warnings. I openly boasted that I could live on my wardrobe's fat for years to come. Contemplating the drawers crammed with redundant suits for all sorts of occasions, tail-coats, round coats, square coats, evening and morning coats, striped dark trousers, shooting suits in every shade and pattern, "lounge" suits, flannel suits, waistcoats white, black and pearl-grey, and all the rest of the frippery and nonsense of an age of extravagance and luxury—I felt justified in my boast that I could carry on for the duration, however long. The underwear went first, of course. No reasonable amount of reserves of vests and shirts and pyjamas will endure for four years. Next, the moth upset my calculations. It attacked, of course, the more essential suits. It dislikes black cloth, and left me intact a great variety of suits suitable for London garden-parties, hunt-balls, weddings and funerals, but unsuitable for lifting potatoes and sifting cinders. The shooting suits and utility wear for country life have positively melted away under the stress of moth and manual labour, and my boast to-day, in the fifth year of war, looks blue and foolish. Indeed, I am throwing in my last reserves, and some of these are long past "military age."

The other day an old friend called on me and found me in the cabbage-patch. It seems that my costume struck him as eccentric, and after first greetings he was pleased to comment upon it trenchantly and humorously. No doubt, a new eye may discover salient features in a landscape which escape the eye familiar with it.

I was wearing at the time a pair of very sound boxcloth trousers narrowing at the ankle and furnished with straps which buckle under the heel of the boot. Item, a pearl-grey waistcoat, also of boxcloth, furnished with mother-of-pearl buttons. My coat was of khaki serge, formerly a cavalry tunic, but denuded of ribbons and badges of rank, though still retaining brass buttons (no longer shining) embossed with cross-lances.

My friend had his say and his laugh. I had my say and my justification, and we parted—as friends

. . . And a Clothes-Peg.—Later, as I resumed my labours in the cabbage-patch, I turned over in my mind whether this wartime sartorial austerity (very practical and comfortable for the job on hand) might not furnish me with gratification as a patriot and a man of sense, and also with material for a romantic and an historian. I thought to myself: *If these clothes could speak*, what a pageant of English social history might they not unfold before my eyes, as they related the scenes through which they had passed, a pageant of a hundred years of progress?

A hundred years? You start. I assure you I speak with restraint. In my grandfather's day they builded better than they knew, and even in the Edwardian era used only the best materials.

Those strapped trousers were built to the order of my grandfather for a special purpose. He used them first in the year when the Corn Laws were repealed. He had recently married and settled in an old house on Wimbledon Common, and it was his habit to ride up daily to his office in Whitehall (the Woods and Forests), stabling his horse at Charing Cross. These trousers were all-purpose, utility garments. In a century, neither moth nor corruption has prevailed against them.

His way lay across Wimbledon Common, skirting the cattle pound, and on over Putney Heath under the Windmill (a lonely and even dangerous open space on dark nights), and down the long hill to Putney village and across the bridge to Fulham village. And thence among open fields, orchards and market gardens, or beside the walls of great suburban villas, to the Boltons fields, where often enough he started a hare or a covey of partridges, and on between Kensington and Chelsea villages to Knightsbridge and the turnpike gate at St. George's Hospital, where a muddy pond marked the boundary of Hyde Park, and on the right the Five Fields were now emerging, from their ancient state of marsh and shack and hidey-holes for cut-throats, into the new Belgravia. And so up Piccadilly, past "No. 1 London" (Apsley House), to his hostelry at Charing Cross, whence he walked on to his office.

The pearl-grey, pearl-buttoned waistcoat has no such storied ancestry. It was built to my own design no longer ago than 1907. I had done with Oxford and was reading for the Bar, living in my parents' house in London and entering with zest into the social activities of the Edwardian era. This beautiful creation was worn on Sundays with a tail-coat and striped trousers, and carried me, not without credit, through the important social functions of the day of rest, before the week-end habit was born or thought of. It carried me (or I carried it) to Church with my family to Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, where we sat under the famous, frank, electric and (I fear) eccentric Canon Eyton. It carried me after his sermon out into a stream of fashionable churchgoers—pew rents were high in those days, and only those who could afford such waistcoats might worship God at Holy Trinity—a stream of fashion which set in the direction of Hyde Park, to walk and bow and pass the time of day among the little green seats round Achilles' statue; and here my stream met other streams from the fashionable churches of Mayfair.

And so home to a luncheon of roast beef and other solids, following which began for the menfolk the serious business of the day of rest. My waistcoat and I paid afternoon calls on "the hostesses of the week," the ball-givers, dinner-givers, crush-givers, past or prospective.

Boldly I rang the door-bells of Berkeley Square, which opened instantly to reveal a solid butler flanked by a couple of footmen with flour-powdered hair. Boldly announced, I boldly entered (carrying my top-hat and gloves) into a circle comprising my hostess and her daughters, and perhaps half-a-dozen men like myself, young or old, but detached from their own womenfolk, who were receiving like attentions in their own drawing-rooms. It was a sign of the neophyte to forget, when the time came to escape, that top-hat and those gloves dumped under his chair. It was always a humiliating experience to return to fetch them, and sometimes, if his ears were sharp, an experience corrective of vanity. . . .

"Plus ça Change."—As for the ex-tunic, it was, and is, a mere child. Built in 1916 or 1917 of the best material still then available, it saw (with me) a number of scenes and experiences in France and Flanders, sombre and coloured, boring or dangerous, uplifting and depressing. I will choose but one of them.

It was a foggy autumn evening in the great city of Cologne in 1918. That morning British troops had marched across the great Hohenzollern Bridge that spans the Rhine, and, the pageant over, the troops had dispersed to the billets in the city which I had helped to find for them.

They were satisfied with their billets, many of them expressing their delight to be quartered again *in civilised conditions* among people who understood their standards of order and cleanliness. I took a walk that night through the streets embarrassed by the almost over-ready courtesies of the citizens of Cologne, who raised their hats and walked in the gutter when a British soldier passed them on the pavement. I entered the great cathedral as a sightseer, and found Mass being celebrated. What was my surprise to find scores and scores of our Roman Catholic soldiery seated in "family parties" among the womenfolk of their new billets in reverent worship. The sight told me a lot about the British soldier, about the imbecility of war, and about the wartime weapon of Hate. . .

I apologise to readers for this excursion into imaginative writing. They may think I have tried them too high. I will end on a more practical note. If those clothes of mine could speak, they would clearly be able to testify to the truth of one old saw, at least. "There is no new thing under the sun." Our wartime austerity is only a return to what was customary in peace in 1845. In his methods of transport, in his black-out restrictions, and in the chilliness of his house, my grandfather, knowing no better, cheerfully endured what to-day we endure with what goodwill we may. And those fashionable Edwardians, fettered to redundant luxuries and the tyranny of fashion, endured a circumscription and enslavement which we even to-day should find intolerable. And the soldiers of the late world war? . . . Wait and see if they were very different in point of tolerance and forgetfulness from those of 1944. Old Clo'!

NAVAL OFFICERS AND INSTRUCTORS AT A FLEET AIR ARM TRAINING SCHOOL WITH THE R.A.F. IN CANADA. They are engaged on the first Fleet Air Arm course to be trained by the Royal Canadian Air Force. From left to right, in the front, are—Lieut. (E.) K. R. Hickson; Lieut. (E.) L. W. Jane; Commander (A.) A. C. S. Irwin; Lieut. F. L. Haynes; Midshipman D. F. Carter. Standing behind are Ldg./W.T.R. J. A. Richardson; Acting P.O. R. Jones; C.P.O. A. E. Miller; P.O. F. W. Wingrove; P.O. A. W. Bazeley

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

"PANAMA HATTIE."—Rarely have I heard such witless dialogue as there is in this Cole Porter "musical" at the Piccadilly; everyone was talking through his, or her, Panama hattie, and most of them seemed to need a microphone (and in one case a megaphone as well) in order to enable them to do it. Cole Porter's tunes are well below his usual level; indeed, the only music which I found pleasant were a few bars by Handel, who, on the whole, is a better composer than Cole Porter.

But there is a credit side. Mr. William Mollison's production is vastly efficient and Mr. Pember's scenery beautiful. Miss Bebe Daniels has a sympathetic "poisonality" and knows how to get on good terms with her audience; Miss Frances Marsden is as clever as she is good to look upon; and little Miss Betty Blackler is a most prodigious infant prodigy. I prefer Mr. Richard Hearne with his Colonel Blimp make-up, which he has now discarded; but he is as comically agile as ever.

"Arc de Triomphe."—Mr. Ivor Novello's latest play I found charming, though not, perhaps, exciting. It does not last as long as *War and Peace*, a recent predecessor at the Phœnix Theatre, but it will be all the better for some drastic cutting. It will probably be a big success, and it deserves to be, for it has the romantic distinction of all the work of Mr. Novello, whose music, always good, gets better and better. This time he gives us a touch of grand opera in a finale (the story concerns an opera-singer in the Paris-that-used-to-be), and it makes one hope that before long he will go the whole hog in this direction. Miss Mary Ellis sings and acts quite immaculately, and Mr. Harcourt Williams makes the best of the poorest part he has had for years. Mr. Raymond Lovell, excellent as a sinister impresario, appeared to have brought along with him a Satanic touch from *Mr. Bolfry*.

"This is the Army."—Yes, and, oh, boy, this is sure the goods! The show which American troops are now giving at the Palladium, directed by Mr. Irving Berlin, who sings some of his latest songs, is the cheeriest affair imaginable—singing, dancing, juggling, acrobatics and burlesque. An all-male cast necessitates a lot of female impersonation, which can sometimes be unpleasant. Here it just causes side-splitting fun. A great, generous entertainment. And a great, generous gesture.

WAR NEWS-ITEMS in PICTURES

THE PRIME MINISTER IN THE ADMIRALTY'S SECRET WAR ROOM: A "hush-hush" painting by a woman artist now on view in London. This is the work of Miss Helen McKie, the well-known artist: it shows Mr. Winston Churchill, as First Lord, studying a great wall-map in the secret Upper War Room at the Admiralty. The picture is now on view to the general public in Miss. McKie's "One-Man Show" at Selfridge's Art Gallery. For security reasons, the artist was not allowed even a glimpse into the room; she had to work entirely from detailed plans and descriptions, which had to be kept under lock and key

A CHURCH IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE built by Italian prisoners of war. In the heart of the wooded countryside, a new church has just been consecrated. It is probably the most unusual ever built on British soil. Its builders were Italian prisoners of war; and its congregation are prisoners. When High Mass is celebrated on Sundays, the men in wood-brown uniform are the sole occupants of this newest church

THE HANDING OVER OF A NEW 6-IN.-GUN CRUISER TO THE NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT. A Naval chaplain conducting the service on the quarter-deck of H.M.S. "Gambia" before the vessel was accepted by the New Zealand Commissioner (Mr. W. J. Jordan—standing in civilian dress behind the Captain)

SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT. OF THE "GAMBIA'S" CREW ARE NEW ZEALANDERS: H.M.S. *Gambia*, one of the Crown Colonies class cruisers, has been lent to the Royal New Zealand Navy, but for the time being will be under the operational control of the Admiralty. Commanded by Captain N. J. W. William-Powlett, D.S.C., R.N., her crew includes many of the New Zealand officers and ratings who served in H.M.N.Z.S. *Achilles* during the action of the River Plate. At the recommissioning ceremony at a British port, the High Commissioner for New Zealand, Mr. W. J. Jordan, read the following message to the crew from the New Zealand Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Peter Fraser, P.C.: "On behalf of the New Zealand Government I wish to convey to the officers and men on the commissioning of *Gambia* for service in the Royal New Zealand Navy best wishes for a successful commission. We know that you will add to the laurels already gained by the Royal New Zealand Navy, and that your ship will prove a source of pride to the colony which bears its name, and in which the people of Gambia have shown such great interest"

ADMIRAL LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN'S TWO W.R.N.S. SECRETARIES: When the Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia landed at an R.A.F. airfield in the Middle East, these two women were amongst the party which accompanied him. They are both officers of the Women's Royal Naval Service, and they are serving as his Secretaries during the coming campaign. Above, they are seen walking from the aircraft just after the landing

"BOY MEETS GIRL" IN ALEXANDRIA—leave town for the Middle East Forces: Alexandria is doing all it can to give Allied Servicemen and women a good time when on leave. Besides the "sights" which the town itself has to offer, its wealthier inhabitants have thrown open their houses and give parties at which members of the Services can get to know each other. This picture shows Wren Doris Duke and a soldier, Corporal Huston, who met at one of these "At Homes," and who then spent the rest of their leave touring "Alex." together

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Mlle. Curie as a War Correspondent; Biographical Essays of Two Saints; The Story of a Bomber Pilot; The Fate of the Islanders of Bonin

MLLE. EVE CURIE, besides being the biographer of her great mother, is a war correspondent of no mean ability. Her JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS (Heinemann. 15s.) is a brilliantly written journal of her experiences during the winter of 1941-42, during which she travelled as war correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune* and Allied Newspapers on a journey "to see at work the coalition of free men that was slowly being formed to fight the great War of Independence of the World."

Mlle. Curie writes and speaks as a Frenchwoman bitterly conscious of her country's present humiliation. Like all the best reporters, she is persistent in attaining her news objective, and, once there, she sees all that a first-rate reporter should see, and responds further to atmosphere with unusual sensitiveness. Her fame enabled her to penetrate to inaccessible places and to meet inaccessible people, and to come to terms with them more quickly than is given to most journalists. It is here, perhaps, not irrelevant to say that, as well as being brilliant and extremely good-looking, she has the Frenchwoman's sense of elegance.

THE AUTHOR OF "FLEET AIR ARM"—MAJOR OWEN RUTTER: The most recent Admiralty publication is by an anonymous writer, but there seems to be no secret that Owen Rutter actually wrote it. His first work for the Senior Service was the account of the *Ark Royal*; his second dealt with H.M. Minesweepers. Both were published last year. His latest book covers a vast subject—the part played by the flying arm of the Royal Navy

Eve Curie travelled to Africa, saw the Libyan desert, and was the first woman to visit the battle-front there. She went on to the Levant and Teheran, then took an aeroplane to Baku, and so reached Kuybyshev, where she began a close and vivid account of the Russians and their behaviour in war. She visited Moscow and Chungking, Rangoon and Mozhaish, Bengal and Delhi, and she met such personalities as Chiang Kai-shek, Gandhi, Stafford Cripps, Wavell and Jahawarhlal Nehru.

Of all these interviews, hers with Gandhi is the most vividly reported; perhaps the most vividly felt. "While I squatted on the floor near the white mattress I remembered the admiration that my mother, Marie Curie, had for Gandhi, how she instinctively shared his belief in a return to a simpler way of life, that she did not think irreconcilable with the progress of modern science. Like him, she was 'for the villages, against the cities. . . .' But to-day, I knew in advance that on one subject—the war—I should not agree with Gandhi."

Later, as she trotted beside him in her white shantung dress while he took his morning walk, the conversation grew more personal, and she suddenly asked him: "'Are you not very proud—very conceited?' The seventy-two-year-old Mahatma did not get angry. He looked straight at me from behind his spectacles like a greedy child who has been caught stealing sugar, and he said at once: 'Yes . . . sometimes I do think that I have more pride than the people whom I accuse of being proud.'"

From all her travellings, Eve Curie's first conclusion is that the world is making itself anew. The erratic past is dead. The English certainly do not want Mr. Chamberlain's Britain all over again, nor the French the moulded France that had crumbled under the German men of steel. The Russians and the Chinese consider that they have hardly started building their colossal countries—and the Indians feel they have not even started. The military battle will stop and gunfire cease, but the battle for world co-operation will last much longer than our lifetime.

There was more than one moment in the course of this long book when I felt that I could not see eye to eye with the author, but never would I deny the simplicity and regard for the truth, as she sees it, with which this book has been written. It is not until one reaches the end and stops to think about her as a person, that one realises the dangers, as well as the excitements, of that journey. Then one is grateful that such a mission should be given to a woman who could minimise the danger, attempt to keep herself in the background and record as exactly as possible what she saw and heard.

Miss V. Sackville-West has chosen two saints as the subjects of her new book, THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.). The first of the biographical essays deals with Saint Teresa of Avila, who was born in 1515 of noble Spanish parents. She took the veil reluctantly, but convinced that it was her only hope of salvation. Thereafter, for thirty years, she led an uneventful life, but in the last ten years before she died her worldly determination and her great devotion led her to travel, often at great danger, all over Spain, reforming the Carmelite order which had become lax and degenerate. After her death it was said that her body remained incorrupt and gave out a fragrant perfume. She was canonised forty years after her death.

"Not accidentally," writes the author, "have they been accorded the epithets of 'the great' and 'the little.'" St. Thérèse of Lisieux was born of bourgeois French parents in 1873, and first expressed a wish to enter Carmel when she was nine years old. She was told to wait until she was sixteen, but after repeated supplications, even invoking the Pope's personal aid, she was accepted at the age of fifteen. Of a docile and loving nature, she always intended to become a saint, and said so frequently. She was canonised in 1925.

Both women were Carmelites; they were both canonised; they shared the same baptismal name. But the points of difference between them are more numerous than the points of resemblance. Teresa of Avila was the aristocratic, intellectual, vigorous, and surprisingly humorous Spaniard of the sixteenth century; Thérèse of Lisieux the guileless, sentimental French bourgeoise of almost our own day. Teresa, the great mystic, is the patron saint of Spain; but Thérèse, the humble nun, is to-day probably the most beloved and popular saint in the whole Calendar.

QUEENS DIE PROUDLY (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) is, as it were, the Air Force edition of this author's successful book, *They Were Expendable*, since it is told in the same manner by reproducing the story of a number of fighting men as nearly as possible in each man's words, and by interweaving one narrative with another to make a consecutive whole.

Mr. W. L. White in this way tells the story of the opening rounds of the air war against Japan, starting with the bombing of Pearl Harbour and Wake Island. The story is chiefly concerned with the adventures of the captain of a Flying Fortress, though the other members of the crew have their part, too. The pilot operated from the Philippines until the last minute before the Japanese landed, and after that was stationed at Java and Borneo, until the airfields at Borneo were taken.

When Java was threatened, he continued flying from there until the Japanese were actually on the island, and then he managed to get a party of young pilots away in the last remaining Fortress, which was patched with the remnants of a dozen others. They landed in the north of Australia, and left again as the airfield was blown up by enemy planes. Finally, he was appointed pilot and liaison officer to the General in command, with Melbourne as his headquarters.

Even such a bald résumé of its contents gives one an idea of the book's qualities, and Mr. White uses his own special technique here to great advantage.

The story of BONIN (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) is really the history, with some trimmings, of the Bonin Islands, which lie 500 miles east and south of the main island of Japan. Most of the events which Mr. Robert Standish records really happened. The notes upon which his book is based were written by him many years ago in Japan, when he was assisted by a descendant of one of the original Bonin settlers.

The tragedy which overtook the islanders was real, too. Mutual Anglo-American mistrust and petty jealousies were eventually responsible for handing over the islands and the descendants of the original English and American settlers to the shameful treatment which they have since received under Japanese rule.

The form which Mr. Standish has chosen is the life-story of one man who was seized by a press gang in England and forced to serve in the Navy. After being flogged nearly to death, he escaped and found his way to the islands, where he settled. What happened to him and his descendants forms the story's central theme, which covers the period from Queen Victoria's accession to the end of the nineteenth century.

Beyond its immediate appeal as a thrilling and romantic history is the object-lesson which the story provides for in the need of Anglo-American co-operation in world affairs generally, and a horrifying example of the methods and mentality of the Japanese.

Three further books in the excellent series "Britain in Pictures" have been published under the general editorship of Mr. W. J. Turner. They are THE STORY OF IRELAND, by Sean O'Faolain, BRITISH CLUBS, by Bernard Darwin, and ENGLISH

THE WIDOW OF THE FAMOUS ENGLISH NOVELIST, MAURICE HEWLETT. Mrs. Hilda Beatrice Hewlett, who has just died at Tauranga, New Zealand, at the age of seventy-nine. She was the daughter of a clergyman and was born at Clapham. Her marriage to the late Maurice Hewlett novelist and medievalist, took place in 1888. She was one of the earliest woman motorists in England, and Woman Pilot No. 1. She learned to fly in 1910 at the age of forty-six

DIARIES AND JOURNALS, by Kate O'Brien. Each of these is published at 4s. 6d. by Messrs. Collins, and each has the usual excellent standard of contents

It must have been a happy day in the lives of the author and the publishers of the most recent little novel about Guardsmen, when they thought of the title SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER (Secker and Warburg. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Roger Grinstead gives a lively and vivid description of life in a training battalion of a Guard's regiment. His theme is the promotion of Private Martin Roule to the rank of corporal, and his troubles in adapting himself to giving orders instead of obeying them.

All the action is in the everyday routine of the battalion, which is scrupulously and frankly described. "Guardsmen's conversation was like all-in wrestling; anything was permissible." Mr. Grinstead writes of this masculine world from the point of view of one in the ranks, and he has made an excellent job of it.

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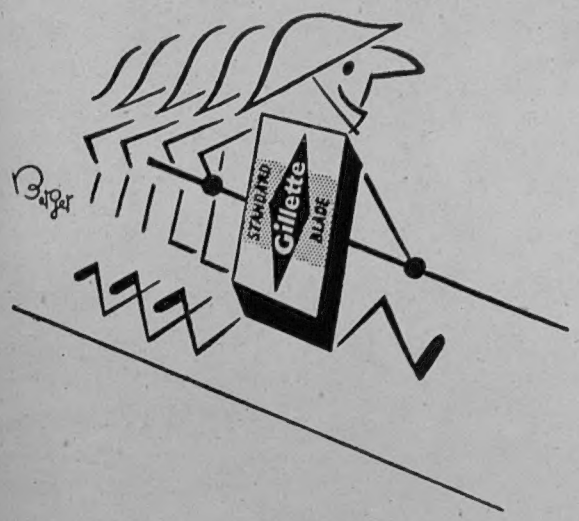

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